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Asahel Clark Kendrick



An American Scholar

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A. O. Kendrick.

AN AMERICAN SCHOLAR

A TRIBUTE TO
ASAHEL CLARK KENDRICK, D.D., LL.D.
1809-1895

BY HIS DAUGHTER
FLORENCE KENDRICK COOPER

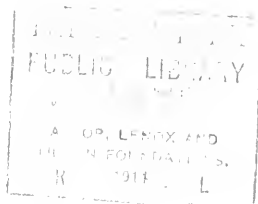


Καὶ γὰρ ἐὰν ἄδηλον σάλπιγγι φωνὴν δῶ,
τίς παρασκευάσεται εἰς πλῆμον;

—I CORINTHIANS, xiv. 8

NEW YORK

1913



Virtus Honor Meus.

Ales volat propriis.

—*Kendrick Family Mottoes.*

“The Kendricks are a tall race of people, with fair complexion and blue eyes, noted for truth, probity, and a high sense of honor; having always an open hand for the needy, with this for their motto inscribed upon their family es-cutcheon, ‘Virtue is my honor.’”—*Old record.*

Inter Primos.

—*Hopkins Family Motto.*

Kin to the best and what may not grow old.

—THOMAS S. JONES, JR.



*To the Alumni
of
Rochester University*

ROCHESTER UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
Rochester, N. Y.

For she remembers how her hand he kept
Within his own, and with her walked afield,
And saw the sunset its last glory yield—
 All this comes back to her,
 All little things that were,
And every dear Remembrance on her heart
Lays its rich sorrow and its mortal smart—
 Too exquisite bereavement to be borne.

—SAMUEL MCCOY.



PREFACE

It has been justly said of my father that he taught and wrote, not for the immediate and transient, but for the fundamental and permanent—"Not for a day, but for all time." It has not seemed, then, a mistake to postpone the appearance of this brief record of his life and words until some years had passed since his voice became silent. There has been no effort to give details that would resolve themselves, largely, into a rehearsal of days of teaching and nights of study. The object of this book is to suggest him in his varied aspects, as teacher, writer, and student. And, especially, to render accessible some of his utterances on classical education and Scriptural religion.

There never has been a time when, on these two subjects convincing words such as his were more needed. Classical study is, except among specialists, at almost its lowest ebb. That the American Society of Philhellenes is making an effort to have the study of Greek replaced in the required curriculum of our colleges is very encouraging, and it is to be hoped that its excellent attempt will meet with a sympathetic response.

The Scriptures, as the guide to faith and practice, are in danger of being set aside for the Sacred books

of the Parsees, or the profane books of more modern self-constituted authorities in matters of religion. It behoves us all, in this unsettled and restless epoch, to see to it that in welcoming new thought we do not abandon old truth. For, as is said on the title-page, in the passage which my father often quoted: "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who will prepare himself for the battle?"

I wish to express my thanks to the loyal Alumni who, in conjunction with other friends, have made the publication of this book possible. The letters received with reference to the book have not only been a source of great pleasure to me, but have also been very interesting in their revelations of the wide range and great value of the public service of the Alumni of the University of Rochester.

F. K. C.

NEW YORK CITY,

October, 1913.



CHAPTER FIRST

THE NAISSANCE OF AMERICAN LETTERS

On earth there is nothing great but Man; in Man there is nothing great but Mind.—ASAHEL CLARK KENDRICK.

THE year 1809 was a notable year. Men of extraordinary gifts often arise in groups; hence the Augustan Age, the Renaissance in Art and Letters, the Elizabethan Age, the Augustan Age of English poetry, and the Victorian Era. The Lake Poets, the Cambridge Coterie—these are interesting examples of this rather striking chronological fact. Sometimes a single year is rendered noteworthy by the appearance of several men whose lives are of great importance to humanity; whose services are such as to shed a lustre over the land of their nativity. Such a year was 1809. In England Darwin, Tennyson, and Gladstone are sufficient to make that a marked year in her annals. These three men were endowed with great talents; but they were the natural product of a land

“One-half whose soil has walked the rest
In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages.”

They were rocked in the cradle of learning and reared in the purple of letters.

The conditions in America in that year were very different from those into which the three Englishmen were ushered. But conditions do not make men. Men make conditions—in the motto of this chapter, this truth is suggested. And in America, also, the year 1809 is remembered especially for two Americans who have added to the records of the New World some of its most important pages. Abraham Lincoln and Oliver Wendell Holmes were born in the year 1809—Darwin and Lincoln on the same day—February 12th. Edgar Allan Poe was also born in that year.

Asahel Clark Kendrick, whose life and work have been the inspiration of this book, was born on the 7th of December, 1809. Before taking up his story, it will be interesting to hear what he has himself said with regard to the advantage of uniting men in groups in order better to remember the period to which they belong. A glance, too, over the educational conditions at that time will be a fitting introduction to the brief biography of a man who, whether born in the shadow of Oxford or in the depths of the primeval forest, would have developed by the "divine impulsion" within him into the type indicated by the title of this book.

On the subject of "Comparative Chronology," among notes made in college for chapel orations and for miscellaneous use, Dr. Kendrick says: "Chronology, in the sense of burdening the mind with unrelated dates, is the driest, most difficult, and

most useless of all studies. Comparative chronology, on the contrary, is intensely interesting. For instance: Pascal was born in 1623. Compare Pascal's birth with that of Sir Isaac Newton, Leibnitz, Kepler, and follow it out until you get a chronological history of the mathematicians. Again, connect the life of Newton with the lives of other eminent personages in his time, both in England and on the Continent. Thus run the threads of chronology into each other, weave them into the tissue of history, and chronology will be incomparably more useful, more easily learned, and more readily recalled." Dr. Kendrick was an example of the application of his method. History, philosophically or chronologically treated, he knew from his wide range of reading, from comprehensive thought and intelligent attention. But of isolated dates he was surprisingly forgetful. He used to say that he did not know the age of a single member of his family, and remembered his own only because he was ten years behind the century.

As one turns back the pages of a hundred years, and attempts to describe the educational conditions of that early period in a new country, the first remark that suggests itself is substantially the same as the chapter on the snakes of Ireland. One is tempted to say, from the point of view of the advantages open to the youth of 1913, that in 1809 there were no educational conditions in America. But that is far from being the fact. Besides the

“mother’s knee”—of which there seem to have been more then than to-day—there were district schools and academies and there were already colleges. Harvard University, Yale University, Princeton University were established and prosperous by the time the youths of 1809 were ready to go to college. Others were in existence also. Brown University, Hamilton College, Dartmouth College, Williams College, Amherst College, were among the earliest, as they have remained among the best, of our American Institutions of Learning. Colgate University, at Hamilton, N. Y., was founded in 1827, as the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institute. A catalogue of the Academy (1829) is given herewith. Colby University, at Waterville, Me., is an old institution of learning that has numbered among its Presidents, professors, and students, distinguished men.

The earliest colleges were established, not only for the colonists, but for the aborigines, for whom the pioneers felt a deep concern. The present Harvard student can scarcely recognize his Alma Mater as described by Holmes in his poem on the Harvard bi-Centennial. Of the Harvard of 1636 he says in his inimitable way:

“And who was on the catalogue when college was begun?

Two nephews of the President, and *the* Professor’s son.

And when the Greek and Hebrew words came tumbling
from their jaws

The copper-colored children all ran screaming to the
squaws.”

CATALOGUE

OF THE TRUSTEES, INSTRUCTORS AND STUDENTS OF HAMILTON ACADEMY,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 14, 1829.
HAMILTON, MADISON CO. N. Y.

Trustees,

Elisha Payne,	Seneca B. Burchard,	Esek Steere,
Thomas Greenly,	George Lawton,	Alanson Mungel,
Peter B. Havens,	John Foote,	Nathaniel Stacy,
Joseph B. Peck,	Thomas Wylie,	Amos Crocker.
William Pierce,		

ELISHA PAYNE, <i>President,</i>	ESEK STEERE, (
JOHN FOOTE, <i>Treasurer,</i>	AMOS CROCKER,)
THOMAS WYLIE, <i>Secretary.</i>	JOSEPH B. PECK,)
	<i>Executive Committee.</i>

ZENAS MORSE, A. M., *Principal.*
 HELEN M. PHELPS, *Preceptress.*
 ASAHEL C. KENDRICK, *Teacher of Languages.*
 WILLIAM MATHER, M. D., *Lecturer on Chymistry.*

The list of students is omitted here. Tuition was \$5.33 a term: board (including all extras) \$1.25 a week.

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To say that the process of education is not confined to the work of the college is superfluous. But the fact that the college period of study has place in the formative time of youth is one element of its importance. Much that is first learned is last forgotten, although it may lie dormant for years. In an address delivered before the Alumni of Rochester University, in New York City, after referring to the strident sounds of their busy lives, Dr. Kendrick says: "But the still, small voices of your college lecture rooms, where your youth are trained, sound louder and are heard farther than words uttered in the whispering-galleries of the Universe. The murmur of awakened ambition, of self-examination, of thoughtful decision—these are some of the voices that the youth hears in the hours spent in the society of the great spirits of the past." Respect for education came over with the Puritans; side by side rose the cabin, the meeting-house, and the schoolhouse.

Next in importance to the schools in the intellectual progress of the youth of America come the free town libraries. In 1809 these were small and rare. Dr. Kendrick says that when he was a boy of ten or twelve he could draw books from the library once in "two or three months," and that these opportunities were eagerly anticipated. The arrival of a newspaper was an event of importance in a country home in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The first newspaper published in

America was the Boston News-Letter, which appeared in 1704. During the century of colonial and Revolutionary struggle this phase of education had developed slowly. For many years the "Daily" was in general circulation only in large cities. The family in a village that regularly subscribed for a "Weekly" was a marked household in the community, and the subscriber usually received his paper after it had been read and discussed by the less progressive residents, in the grocery, which was also the post-office.

The Era of Good Feeling gave an opportunity for educational instrumentalities to go forward with strides. Clay, Webster, and Calhoun laid the spell of their great speeches, in which "reason and principle were expressed in terms of profound thought and fervid eloquence," upon the whole country. Henry Clay was more the popular idol, but the magnificent speeches of Webster were read and echoed and re-echoed far and wide, from the valleys of the Green Mountains westward as far as there were men to read. The great English speech-makers had been pored over and declaimed by the district-school orators. But it was these silver-tongued American lawmakers and nation-builders who became the models of the young American on the platform.

The descendants of Hookers and Davenports and Hopkinses and Mathers and Kendricks did not wait long before they began to dot woods and plains with

the pure shrines of faith. The hills became "templed,"

"And pine-tree, trunk and limb,
Began to sprout among the leaves
In shape of steeples slim."

Even in the "far west" of the Genesee Valley schools and churches were rising to mark the advance of civilization. Rochester, N. Y., dates from 1812. The great missionary organizations, inspired by the departure for India of William Carey, and the consequent formation in England of foreign missionary societies, began to assert their claim in America to men and money for spreading the Gospel of Christ among the heathen of foreign lands. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was organized in 1810. The American Baptist Foreign Mission Society was organized in 1813. In July of this year the Baptists of America celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the building of the Baptist chapel in Rangoon, Burmah, erected under the leadership of Adoniram Judson. Other denominations followed in rapid formation of societies until every Christian denomination was at work, through its representatives, on what was known, in order to distinguish it from Christian work in our own country, as the "Foreign field."

The emotions aroused at that time by the departure of men and women "set apart," first by their voluntary act, and then by the action of a missionary board, for the purpose of carrying the

Christian Gospel to the inhabitants of Burmah, India, and China, are beyond description. All Christendom was pricked to the heart and stirred to its depths by a fervor of religious zeal. A Pentecostal wave swept over England and America. Dr. Kendrick, in mentioning the most significant events of his long life, says: "My infant memory stretches back to the time when Luther Rice returned from India to arouse our denomination [Baptist] to the great work of foreign missions. He spoke to the people with the prestige of a messenger from Heaven, and the power of intense conviction." To the thought of the conscientious believers in the Word of God, the foreign missionary represented the ultimate possibility in personal sacrifice, the highest reach of Christian devotion. Those who led the way went to indescribable loneliness, hardship, and opposition, of which the outcome was almost certainly a speedy death. They were held, at home, as already sainted; for the surest path to the Heavenly City, whether by physical death or spiritual exaltation, lay along India's coral strand. Could those modern apostles have seen the open doors, the churches, the hospitals, the schools that have risen in foreign lands where they planted the first little seed of Christianity, they might have had more triumph in their hearts, but they could not have had more courage or more faith.

The ministry was a force in those early years of the nineteenth century. From Edwards down the con-

flict of religious thought and doctrine reads like a return to the times of Calvin and Arminius. Even at the beginning of the century there was a "New Divinity," the great Dr. Nathaniel Emmons being considered its leading expounder. Dr. Samuel Hopkins was one of the great lights in the Edwards school of theology. His efforts directed against slavery brought about the freeing of all the slaves born in the State of Rhode Island after March, 1784. To be respectable in those days one had to be religious. Even in the commercial centers social as well as personal standing was determined largely by one's relation to the church. In the Massachusetts colony and in others, only church-members were allowed to vote. Religion and education were at the foundation of the rapidly developing intellectual life of the new country. The sword and the plough were, in the Eastern States, yielding to the cap and the gown. It is not so strange, as at first would appear, that the heir of a long line of Englishmen of ability and intelligence should develop, even in the wilderness of Vermont, into a youth of literary and scholarly predilections. That Dr. Kendrick illustrated the character and performed the work of a lover and promoter of Learning these brief annals of a long, studious, and interesting life will show.

CHAPTER SECOND

THE KENDRICK FAMILY TREE

John Foster remarks that "the past states and periods of a man's life are retained in a connection with the present by that principle of self-love which renders him unwilling to relinquish his hold on what has once been his." The existence of this principle is indisputable, and its universality can hardly be questioned.—ASAHEL CLARK KENDRICK.

DR. KENDRICK, in one of the fragments which are the only evidences that he made any attempt to keep a journal, says: "I regret that I have not kept something like a diary—not to record my inward history, except incidentally, but at least to keep the dates on record of the more important occurrences in my life. I cling tenaciously to the life that has once been mine; not for its intrinsic worth, but because it has been my own." Elsewhere he says: "I have resolved to record my studies only, without comment. If I make comments, I shall soon grow weary and abandon the effort altogether." In his manifold labors as a teacher, a writer, and a classical commentator Dr. Kendrick accomplished an amount of detail work appalling in its variety and quantity. But in making personal or family records his pen lagged and soon stopped altogether. There

is no genealogy among his papers. Although this book does not include within its scope any extended statistics, an outline of the main points in the family history is given here.

David Kenrick, knighted by the Black Prince, on the battlefield, is the earliest undisputed ancestor. He lived in Ashley Parish, Staffordshire, and died there about 1353. In the seventeenth century John Kenrick, "a prominent citizen," and Edward Kenrick, "a wealthy merchant," are identified as descendants of David. John Kenrick was Sheriff of London in 1645; and Edward Kenrick was Lord Mayor in 1651. The eminent preacher, Reverend Timothy Kenrick, had a namesake in America, a useful and beloved physician, who died in Italy at the age of thirty years.

The Kendrick family has not become very numerous in this country. The Lord Mayor of London had three sons—George, Thomas, and John. It is probable that the three brothers came to America about 1635. John was born in York, England, in 1604, and married there Ann Smith. In the records of Muddy River (Newton or Brookline) this note is found: "1639, the 10th mo., 30th day, our brother John Kenrick hath a great lot allowed to him [250 acres] for 4 heads." The "4 heads" seem to have been his own, his wife's, and those of two sons, John Jr., and Elijah. After becoming a land-owner, his name appears frequently in the town records. He takes the "oath of fidelity," he agrees

to improve his land, to make a road, to pay rates, and to pay his share in the maintenance of the church. He was admitted, in 1639, as a member of the 1st Congregational church. Kenrick's Bridge over the Charles River marks the location of his farm. It remained in the possession of his descendants one hundred and seventy years. He died in 1682. His sons and their sons became men of influence. They were all engaged in the incessant warfare with the Indians, and "Captain Caleb Kenrick" and Ensign John were among Revolutionary heroes. There is in the cemetery of Newton a remarkable epitaph, which rehearses the virtues of a later "John Kenrick." He was the president of the first Anti-slavery society, and established a "Kenrick Fund" for the poor of the town.

Elijah, the brother of John Jr., was the direct ancestor of the Kendricks of Vermont. He married Hannah Jackson, the daughter of Deacon John Jackson, whose land bordered on that of John Kenrick. Perhaps she sat in front of him in church, and they may have sung in the choir together. The Kendricks must have been singers, for a legacy of melody has come down even to the present generation. The family of Samuel Stillman Kendrick were especially favored in this respect. And of the seventeen Jacksons on the church list, some must have been in the choir.

“ ‘Let us sing to God’s praise,’ the stern minister said;
All the hymn-books at once fluttered open at ‘York’;
Sunned their long, dotted wings in the words that he read,
While their leader leaped into the tune just ahead
And politely picked up the key-note with a fork;
And the vicious old viol went growling along,
At the heels of the girls in the rear of the song.”

Elijah and Hannah had a son named Ebenezer, and a son of Ebenezer, Nathaniel 1st, settled, in company with Cotton Mather, in Scituate, Mass. From that place Nathaniel removed to Coventry, Conn., where he married Hannah Griswold, a member of the distinguished family which gave to Massachusetts its first Protestant Episcopal Bishop, and to Connecticut two Governors, who were Judges of the Supreme Court, and were men of remarkable talents and great legal learning.

Nathaniel and Hannah Griswold Kenrick became the parents of ten children, three of whom died in infancy. When his family had reached maturity, Nathaniel removed to Hanover, N. H. It would be very interesting to know why this prominent and prosperous family emigrated from the somewhat populous communities of Massachusetts and Connecticut to the wilderness. It is quite probable that the independent spirit which broke out in Nathaniel’s father, Ebenezer, who joined the “New Lights” in Brookline rather than endure the vagaries of the minister and the exactions of the church officers, was the reason. The spirits that came over to find “freedom to worship God” had

no idea of granting freedom to those who differed with them in any particular. In Hanover, five years after his settlement there, Nathaniel was killed, in 1771, by the falling of a tree. Of his family, Samuel and Ebenezer enter into this record.

Samuel married Anna Smith, of New Hampshire. As a minute-man Major Samuel Kendrick frequently led troops against Burgoyne. The records say of this family that its members were among the finest specimens of the primitive New England character. He represented his state in the Legislature, and in private and public life served God and his country. To his wife equal praise is given. Six of his sons became men of influence. This book can mention but two—Nathaniel 2nd, and Adin.

Before taking up the direct line of Asahel Clark Kendrick—through Ebenezer, brother of Samuel—a few Kendricks will be mentioned who followed somewhat different lines of service from those already mentioned. Captain John Kendrick, "Mercater," is recorded as "the first to carry, in 1788, our flag around the world. He received the thanks of Congress, and was decorated with a medal." Another Captain John (the name John, meaning "gracious," is a favorite one) was "the first ship-master in the United States to make a coasting-voyage to the northwest coast." He died at Harwich, Mass., in 1715. Major Henry Lane Kendrick, of West Point, belonged to the Vermont

branch of the family. In Waterbury, Conn., there have been three Mayor Kendricks. The Kendricks of the present generation have many rights as Sons and Daughters in Colonial and Revolutionary Societies.

Ebenezer Kenrick (the name is spelled either with or without the "d") married Anna Davenport, in Coventry, Conn. She was a descendant of Humphrey Davenport, who came from the Barbadoes, settled in Hartford, but finally lived and died in New York City. He was a man of "parts" and learning, and became an eminent jurist in the State of New York. He appears in history as a man of independent spirit and conjugal devotion, for it is recorded that he removed to the tolerant community of Manhattan because "his wife had been convicted of playing cards." His name appears in the first Directory of New York; his residence was on Broadway, a little below Rector Street. His wife was Rachel Holmes, a member of the family from which came Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Ebenezer and his wife removed to Hanover, N. H. There Clark Kendrick was born in 1775. In Hanover, the cousins, Clark and Nathaniel, began the intimacy which developed into a remarkable sympathy of purpose in their chosen careers. A brother of Nathaniel, Adin, was a man similar in character to the two cousins just mentioned. He was graduated at Dartmouth College, and removed to Poultney, Vt., to practice medicine. He

married Ruth Marshall, and his family was among the best known families in the state. Dr. Adin Kendrick was a man of singular nobility of character, and as a Christian physician, he exerted an influence second to that of none of his cousins in strength and purity. His son, Albert, became a distinguished physician of Waukesha, Wis., and his grandson, the son of Dr. Albert, Dr. Adin Almerin Kendrick, was one of the most potent advocates of religion and education in the middle west. As President of Shurtleff College, at Upper Alton, from 1872 to 1896, and as Dean of the Divinity School of Shurtleff until his death in 1902, he accomplished a far-reaching work for the youth of the whole country. A son, Dr. Chalmers Nash Kendrick, of Buffalo, is an able physician; another, Edward Anderson Kendrick, is a prominent resident of New York City. Two daughters also are living—one, married, in New Haven, Conn., Mrs. Martha K. Denison, and one in California, Miss Mary Kendrick.

Ebenezer and Samuel Kendrick were members of the Congregational church in Hanover, and their children were reared in the denomination of their parents. While quite young Clark and Nathaniel became convinced that the mode of baptism prescribed for His disciples by Jesus was immersion, and asked for that form of the rite. Although in this way they were separated, to a degree, from the church of their parents, they continued throughout

their lives in close relations with the preachers and teachers of the Congregationalists.

Dr. Nathaniel Kendrick early identified himself with the religious and educational interests of New York State. He was one of the founders of Colgate University, at Hamilton, and was its first executive officer. To the last hour of his life, although he lay for several years on a "mattress grave," he was consulted on every point connected with its administration. He was a man of intense conviction. When the proposition was made to change the institution from a Divinity school to a general college, he opposed the change, even when he was the only man to maintain that opinion. He was six feet and four inches tall, and was as great in argument as in stature. "His ample forehead indicated large mental capacities; his mild, deep blue eye spoke at once the benevolence of his heart and the depth and acuteness of his intellect." His discourses were both long and deep. He himself told with amusement that a daughter asked him whether he "couldn't begin his sermons before he got to church, so that he would not have to talk so long in the pulpit." To-day, when an Easter sermon on "The Flowers of Spring" would be generally satisfactory, if it were not more than fifteen minutes long, Dr. Nathaniel might be regarded as somewhat obsolete. He would be surprised, perhaps, at the observance of the Days of the Established church. The majesty of his Christian faith made him seem al-

most divine, and his sick-room was a "foretaste of Heaven."

When his son, Silas Nathaniel, a man of similar character, weeping said, "My father, I never loved you as I do now—if I could only bear your pain for you," the father answered: "No, my son, I have not one pang to spare. He who allows me to suffer loves me far more than even you do. I sometimes think this is the happiest period of my life, His mercies are so great." Dr. Nathaniel truly belonged to an aristocracy of intellect and piety, and he was a force in his day. It has been beautifully said of him and his son that "if ever mourners could bring home to their hearts all the consolations of Christian faith and hope, those who stood at the graves of these two Christian heroes could turn to that source of comfort to find their own."

He was married three times. His first wife was Miss Eliza Choate, of Lansingburg, N. Y.; his second wife was Miss Cordelia Covell, of Charlotte, Vt.; and the third was Mrs. Mary Hascall. Her interesting daughter, Helen Louise Hascall, became the wife of Judge Stetson, of Plattsburg, N. Y., and of their two sons, men of marked ability, one, Francis Lynde Stetson, is an eminent lawyer of New York.

Of Dr. Nathaniel's children only two survived into middle life. One son, Cotton Mather, a young man of great promise, died in his Junior year, in Hamilton College. He was a classmate and room-

mate of the beloved "Old Greek" (Professor Edward North), afterwards the Greek Professor there for many years. Edward North, the student, commemorated his classmate's death in a pathetic poem which closes with these lines:

"Glad memories of gone and fun-lit hours
Shall visit thy hushed home by day, and oft
By night in dreams of better days shall thought
Go lingering back to Kendrick's early grave."

Clark Kendrick removed from Hanover, N. H., the paternal home, to Poultney, Vt., about 1800, where he entered upon his first and only pastorate. He had doubtless enjoyed some of the educational advantages connected with Dartmouth College, and later he received a degree in recognition of his services to the cause of education, as well as to that of religion. Like Dr. Nathaniel, he was a man of great dignity and elegance of bearing, and was persuasive and eloquent in the pulpit.

He married, in Poultney, Esther Thompson, a daughter of David Thompson, whose former home is still pointed out to the interested visitor. Of this family was the Hon. Amos Thompson, one of Vermont's most distinguished citizens. In the development of the country, from Vermont to Georgia, and from Massachusetts to Minnesota, the far-seeing Thompsons were active and successful. Three Thompsons, Norman, Horace, and Egbert, and three Kendrick brothers, Adolphus, Stillman, and Judson, cousins of the Thompsons, left Ver-

mont and settled in Georgia. The Kendricks remained in the South, but the more brilliant prospects of the West lured the energetic and ambitious Thompsons thither. Horace and Egbert Thompson became bankers, but their activities were not limited to banking. The city of St. Paul, Minn., owes its early development largely to their enterprise and ability, and when, to-day, the resident of the western part of the State of Washington hears the whistle of the locomotive on the extension of the great "St. Paul" railroads, screaming its way over the Rockies and the Cascades, he is hearing only what the Thompson brothers heard in their dreams, when Minnesota was the far west. Egbert Thompson, Judson A. Kendrick, and J. Ryland Kendrick married sisters. Horace married a daughter of Judge Scarborough, of Americus, Ga., the beautiful Carrie Scarborough. Two sons of Horace—Horace Egbert and Charles—are living in and near St. Paul. An adopted daughter, Mrs. Louise M. Fogg, is also a resident of St. Paul, a beloved and loyal heir of the Thompson traditions.

In Poultney, Dr. Clark Kendrick became pastor of the Baptist church, a relation which continued with ever-increasing unity between pastor and people until his death at the age of forty-eight. The Congregationalists and the Baptists shared the same house of worship at the beginning of Dr. Kendrick's ministry. But the membership of the Baptist church increased with such rapidity that that denom-

ination erected for themselves a house of worship at a cost of six thousand dollars—an enormous sum for a small village to expend on a public building at that time.

Dr. Kendrick was one of the first pastors in Vermont to recognize the relation between the claims of education and religion—a relation greatly misunderstood by many early Christian preachers and teachers. The emancipation of the rural ministry from the fear that “profane” learning, applied to the study of the Scriptures, would destroy the pure and devout reliance on the Holy Spirit for their elucidation, and lead to a destructive and well-nigh impious self-confidence, was a slow process, attended by many difficulties. From this bondage Dr. Clark Kendrick was wholly free. Since his early manhood he had wished to see a college established in Vermont, but, believing that New York State was at that time a better choice, he threw his energies into work for the institution at Hamilton. His health was delicate, and his death was due to an illness brought on by the exposures incidental to traveling through the wilds of Vermont and northern New York, preaching and soliciting aid for the cause of education. A brother, himself a minister of the Gospel for many years, but reflected a common feeling on the subject of “degrees,” when he said: “I trust he [Clark] did not seek it, for I deem it contrary to the instruction of Christ—‘Be not called Rabbi.’ As to the difference between the title

'Rabbi' and 'D.D.' I leave it with those who receive the title and are pleased with it to determine." Of his brother's pastorate in Poultney, he writes: "Uninterrupted harmony prevailed between pastor and people during his term of labor with them—over twenty years. They treated him with surpassing kindness and respect, and his attachment for the church was like that of a father for his children. He was appointed to preach the Election sermon before the Legislature of Vermont, and served as Chaplain during the session."

Clark Kendrick and Esther Thompson Kendrick had eight children. The three daughters died, victims of the hard conditions of life in that climate. The first stove in the village came to the Kendrick home. Dr. Kendrick used to say, of those early years: "All the Poultney girls died young, except a very few. It was too hard a life for any girl, because there was no adequate protection from the cold of the long winters." Doubtless the five Kendrick boys would have had the same fate, but for a change to a warmer climate. The names of the five sons were Adolphus Davenport, Asahel Clark, Samuel Stillman, Adoniram Judson, and James Ryland. Adolphus, Stillman, and Judson removed to the South, settling ultimately in Americus, Ga., where they became wealthy and influential. The Civil War naturally affected them severely, but from first to last they were in hearty sympathy with the North. Stillman, during the war, removed to At-

lanta, where he established himself in business, in connection with two of his sons. Both of these sons have continued the business to which they were trained, and the elder, John Ryland, has been for many years a man of prominence and wealth in Philadelphia, an editor and publisher.

Adolphus never married. Stillman married Emily Herbert Fryer, of Barnesville, Ga., in 1838. She was a woman of strong character, and reared an interesting family, of whom all, except the oldest, Mary Isabella Kendrick Abbott, are living. This little book cannot go into details, but it may be said that Helen Fryer Kendrick is a successful teacher in Cincinnati, Emma Eliza (Ida) is the wife of one of Atlanta's finest lawyers, the Hon. Alexander Smith, and Sallie Esther is the wife of a surgeon in the regular army, Dr. W. W. Gray. Each of the seven children of Samuel Stillman Kendrick is endowed with much of the charm of their father.

Judson married Eliza Randle, of Forsythe, Ga. The two daughters of this marriage, Julia and Alice, have died. Julia became the wife of Thornton Wheatley, originally from Scranton, Pa., and left four children. She was much beloved.

The youngest brother, James Ryland, was educated at Hamilton, N. Y., and at Brown University. At college he was chosen to the Phi Beta Kappa society, and received other honors. He went to the South, and became pastor of the Citadel Square Baptist church in Charleston. When South Caro-

lina passed the ordinance of secession he, being a loyal Union man, necessarily gave up this charge. The four years of the war he spent in Georgia, the latter part of that time in Madison; and his experiences there were related in an article that he contributed, years afterward, to the *Atlantic Monthly*. At the close of the war he accepted a call to the Tabernacle Baptist church, in New York City. His last pastorate was at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he died in 1889. He acted as President of Vassar College, by special request of the Trustees, during an interim, and he and his wife won the esteem of the friends and patrons of the college. His appearance was peculiarly noble. To natural dignity and grace, the charm of the South was added. As a preacher, he was earnest and eloquent. His judgment was sought for by young and old, and he was beloved by the entire community. Dr. Edward Judson, who is peculiarly fitted to appreciate such a man by the singular sweetness of his own nature, said, on hearing of Dr. Ryland Kendrick's death: "A purer spirit never left the earth for its native heaven."

Dr. Ryland Kendrick's first wife was a native of the South, Miss Arabella Randle. Their Charleston home was a centre of hospitality, and the "prophet's chamber" was seldom unoccupied. Mrs. Kendrick may still be remembered by some New-Yorkers, for her handsome face and impressive manner were but adjuncts to a character of unusual efficiency. She

died in Poughkeepsie in 1878. One son, Clark, died very young. His second marriage, several years later, brought into the Kendrick circle a woman whose work in one of our colleges for women, and the fact that she is now laying it aside, justifies a reference to her here.

Miss Georgia Avery was born in Rochester, N. Y., but was reared in Nashville, Tenn. While Dr. Ryland Kendrick was pastor of the Baptist church in Poughkeepsie, Miss Avery's mother, widowed a second time, came with her two daughters, Myra and Georgia, to Poughkeepsie. There Miss Georgia Avery met Dr. Ryland Kendrick. After their marriage she shared his pastoral work with him, and during his presidency of Vassar College she, as well as he, became intimately associated with the life of the college. Her gifts of mind and heart were soon recognized by the faculty and the Board of Trustees, and after her husband's death she was urgently invited to take the place of Lady Principal, just left vacant. Though unfamiliar with executive duties, she for more than twenty years filled a difficult office with conspicuous success. Socially and intellectually she elevated the sphere of her service to the highest rank. She demonstrated that, in addition to her charm of manner and brilliance of mind, she possessed a quick and clear practical judgment—a combination alike rare and fascinating.

CHAPTER THIRD

THE PINE-TREE HOUSE

Had my early studies been rightly directed, under competent teachers, I might have laid a good foundation of an education.—ASAHEL CLARK KENDRICK.

THE beautiful village of Poultney, in Vermont, has been the early home of several notable men. Two American newspapers—the New York Tribune and the New York Times—were founded and brought to the zenith of their influence by men who came to the metropolis from Poultney. The house in which Horace Greeley lived, with a magnificent elm in the front yard, is one of the objects of interest to visitors, and the name of Mr. George Jones, of the New York Times, is honored to-day in the Poultney community. One of Rochester's popular citizens, Mr. Charles F. Pond, is of Poultney origin. His father was Mr. Levi Pond, a playmate of Dr. Kendrick, and in manhood a person of influence in the village. The Academy at Poultney was one of the earliest and best educational institutions in Vermont.

The pastor's house was called the Pine-tree House, from a single tall, straight pine tree which stood at the left of the front door. There is a



Adolphus Davenport Kendrick

Asahel Clark Kendrick

Clark Kendrick

Adoniram Judson Kendrick

Samuel Stillman Kendrick

James Ryland Kendrick

tradition that when the valley walls seemed too near, and the shades of the simple life began to close upon the growing boy, the boys—five of them—would climb up into the lofty arms of this commanding tree, and peer over the hill-tops, “beyond their utmost purple rim.” The tree was standing until recently.

The life of a pioneer minister’s son, in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, was inevitably devoid of much that the boy of to-day would expect and receive, whether of education or of entertainment. Dr. Kendrick says of his early years: “My childhood was marked by few incidents of interest. I seemed, indeed, a child of misfortune, as in several instances my life was endangered. The most serious accident which befell me occurred when I was about thirteen years old. My father was driving a post into the ground, being engaged in making a fence. He stood mounted on a barrel with a heavy wooden beetle or maul in his hand, with which he drove the post, while I stood opposite on the ground, holding the post erect. As my father was swinging the beetle over his shoulder, it flew from the handle, striking me with a glancing blow on the head, and knocking me senseless to the ground.” He records his father’s prompt recourse to a neighboring spring, which, he thinks, may have been the means of saving his life. He tells that his tender-hearted little brother, Stillman, ran, with streaming eyes, to the house, crying, “Asahel’s dead, and

father's killed him"—a "cry which immediately aroused the neighborhood." "As I regained consciousness, I saw the persons watching around my bed. My father, who could not bear to look upon me, was standing apart, weeping, and asking the physician [Dr. Adin Kendrick, his cousin, who lived opposite] if there was any hope. I well remember the doctor's characteristically calm and cheerful manner as he assured my father that the case was by no means hopeless. For some days, the result was doubtful. In a few weeks, however, I was again out, rejoicing in the free air, the joyous sunshine, and the active sports of childhood.

"Some serious impressions, but not, I fear, very permanent ones, were made upon my mind by this event, and I well remember the affectionate and solemn manner in which my father, sitting by my bedside, endeavored to impress upon me the importance of an early preparation for death. My mind in childhood was always tender on religious subjects, and I was easily moved to tears by religious conversation. But my emotions were transient, and were like the morning cloud and the early dew. Very soon I had forgotten my narrow escape.

"My opportunities for education were about the same as those of the majority of lads of my age in the neighborhood. I attended the district school winters, and during the summers alternately played and worked and read. I was very fond of going to school, I loved my teachers and looked upon them

as my friends. When very young I remember being put to study a few lessons in the Latin Grammar, but probably not more than half a dozen. From my earliest recollection I was extremely fond of reading, devouring with avidity every book, especially works of history, travels, voyages, biographies. My father's library was small, and most of the books, being of a theological character, did not much interest me. Among the works in his library which I perused with most interest and frequency were Goldsmith's History of Rome, a Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, Blair's Lectures, of which I was very fond, and an old volume of Shakespeare, containing the plays of Henry Sixth, Richard Third, and Henry Eighth. Much of these I read and re-read, until those portions of English history were indelibly engraven on my memory, and the most striking passages in the poems. Also, I borrowed every book from the neighbors that I thought would be interesting, and thus managed to make my circle of reading tolerably large for a mere lad, as I was. Rollin's Ancient History, Plutarch's Lives, Marshall's Life of Washington, were among the works of which I never tired."

This enumeration of the books that engaged his boyish attention recalls the article written by Joseph O'Connor, from which quotations are made on other points. Mr. O'Connor says of Dr. Kendrick: "No specialist can be really great without general study, since there must be proportion and perspective

to all systematic knowledge. And the general information at Dr. Kendrick's command was amazing. He was a reader of books from his earliest years, and it seemed as if he had read all manner of books. On any theme that was suggested, he was sure to have read much, to have thought not a little, and to have reached shrewd conclusions."

The members of the family were affectionate and kind. After nearly fourscore years, Dr. Kendrick remembered with vivid gratitude the thoughtfulness of his elder brother, Adolphus, who once, at a farmer's table, interposed in his behalf. "Mrs. Volney [which was not her name], will you please give Asahel a bowl of bread and milk? He can't eat a 'boiled dinner.'" Judson was a quaint and humorous child, and Dr. Kendrick has told how, one blustering day, the little pioneer stood watching the trees rock in a New-England gale. "How can such thin wind push so?" asked Judson. The answer is not recorded.

Beyond a few simple notes like these, there is no record of the family life. But it is pleasant to perceive that Dr. Kendrick's childhood was a free and happy period. There were the deprivations common to the time and place. But there were none of the unwholesome features of pioneer life. Intelligence, and piety, and courtesy, and refinement redeemed the plain surroundings, and in the exercise of filial and fraternal affection flourished the

“ Deep spiritual graces
Which give unto life its divine;
Transform with miraculous touches
The water of being to wine,
And quicken the sap of the human
Till the drear places blossom and shine.”

The house in which the Kendrick brothers were born is still standing, and the church of which their father was so long pastor is an active organization under efficient leadership.

Dr. Kendrick's "higher education" began when he was about ten years of age. He says: "I spent one term at the Academy in Granville, N. Y. The study which I nominally pursued was Latin; but my time was, I think, almost wholly wasted. Nor do I think it was my fault, for I do not doubt that I should have met with proper diligence and ability any requisitions. I was almost entirely neglected. I do not think that the labor involved in one good and thorough recitation was bestowed upon me. And without the least interest being inspired in me, or any attempt at inspiring any, I dragged away the time until the joyful day when I was permitted to return home."

When he had reached the age of thirteen his father decided to take him to Hamilton, N. Y., and put him into the family and under the instruction of Dr. Nathaniel Kendrick. Thither he went, and he never returned to Poultney to live. Of the journey to Hamilton, Dr. Kendrick writes: "In May,

1823, my father set out in a single-horse wagon, with my mother and myself, for Hamilton. The evening before we left was a sad one, as I then had to bid farewell to many little companions, uncertain how soon, if ever, I should see them again. We had a pleasant journey of several days, stopping over night in Fort Ann, at Saratoga, at Esquire Belden's in Nottingham, and at other places. I remember passing through Utica, which was the largest town I had then ever seen. We reached Hamilton Monday night, and went directly to the house of Elder Nathaniel Kendrick, my father's early and dearly cherished friend and cousin.

“It was now just about the time of the anniversary of the theological seminary. My father attended it and was much interested in the character and prospects of the institution. I remember attending the theological examination conducted by Dr. Nathaniel Kendrick. The graduates were Mr. Wade and others. I remember distinctly the calm and placid look with which Mr. Wade and his wife, a few days later, offered themselves to God in the missionary service. Soon after this my father bade me farewell. He made some touching remarks about my seeking my spiritual welfare. He wept, and I wept; but little did I think that I was looking upon that revered form and listening to that voice for the last time. I began studying and I then saw *Paradise Lost* for the first time. I found it rather heavy reading. I first went through Adams's Latin

Grammar, then read one section of the *Historiæ Sacræ*, and immediately went into Virgil. Here at first all was midnight. I struggled and agonized over the first fifty lines, and was tempted to abandon the whole in despair. But after a week or two it began to clear up, the difficulties diminished in both number and degree. I was five weeks in reading the first book of the *Æneid*, and half a day in reviewing it. Indeed, I could recite the original of more than half of it by heart. I was three or four days each reading the remaining books. I read the *Bucolics*, the *Georgics*, and twelve of Cicero's orations. I grew familiar with the mere forms of the grammar, but had little insight into its principles.

“The following spring I received intelligence of the death of my father. This was a dreadful shock to me, and for a time my heart refused to be comforted. Everything seemed to be clothed in mourning, and I could scarcely realize how those around me could interest themselves in any ordinary concerns. Dr. Kendrick and Mr. Leach were at this time, as at all others, very kind to me, but it was long before time, though it softened, hushed my grief. I had indeed lost one of the best of fathers and one who occupied a distinguished place in the Baptist ministry of Vermont.”

When Dr. Kendrick was sixteen years of age a revival took place in Hamilton, and after a time he became deeply interested. “I spent anxious days and nights in prayer, and after a time indulged a

hope that my sins were forgiven. Soon after, I united with the Baptist church in Hamilton."

Up to this time Dr. Kendrick had received but little regular instruction in any branches of study. He had studied privately, and Mr. Beriah N. Leach had taken a practical interest in his progress. At the age of sixteen he took up his studies with resolution and system. At the Hamilton Academy he prepared for Hamilton College, in Clinton, N. Y., and he entered the junior class in college in 1828. He taught for one year, 1829-'30, and returned to be graduated with the class of 1831. Dr. Henry Davis was President of the College, and Simeon North, afterward President, was his teacher in Latin and Greek. There were nine graduates in his class, five of whom became men of distinction. He was chosen to the Phi Beta Kappa Society. He was also the founder of the Sigma Phi Society at Hamilton, Beta chapter, and this incident was commemorated fifty years later by the "Sigs" of Rochester, who gave to Dr. Kendrick a banquet and a beautiful society pin. Some of Rochester's choicest spirits surrounded that banquet-table. Poetry and wit were represented by William J. Ashley, the genial friend who seemed to die too soon; history and eloquence by Charles E. Fitch; rare literary gifts by Arthur C. Smith; signal commercial ability and success by Vincent Moreau Smith. Other "Sigs" who have been closely indentified with Rochester's development were present—William S.

Oliver, William A. Hubbard, Jr., Charles P. Boswell, Frank Elwood, Horace Brewster, and others no less well known in Rochester circles. Letters of regret were read from a long list of distinguished men, beginning with the Hon. Edwin C. Litchfield, a classmate of Dr. Kendrick's at Hamilton College.

Dr. Kendrick's most intimate friends in college were two young men who were graduated in the class succeeding his own. One of these was Samuel Eells, one of the most promising students that ever entered Hamilton College. He lived only ten years after graduation. Another friend was Henry B. Payne, who became a citizen of Cleveland, Ohio, a member of the United States Senate, and a man of wealth and influence. Judge Othniel S. Williams, long identified with the Oneida County Bar and with Hamilton College, was a classmate, and for many years a friend.

Among the data of his college life is a small book with extracts from some of his college orations. The subjects of a few are: "America," "On Thinking," "On the Sentiments of the Greeks with Regard to a Future State," "The Tariff," "Debate on, Do Philosophical Investigations Tend to Infidelity?" One address is unnamed, but its opening sentence is commended to the boys of Rochester University. Its first words are: "The Employments of the Student are peculiarly delightful." He probably does not refer to hazing or rushing. One story of his college life may help some discom-

fited youth who feels that his career is blighted because he "forgot," while speaking in public on the stage. Young Kendrick had been one of the appointed speakers at a college exhibition, and after the exercises he was walking down "the Hill," with his friend Eells. He was so silent that Eells asked:

"What's the matter? What makes you so sober?"

"Matter enough," was the mournful answer. "Wasn't it awful? I had genuine stage-fright, and stood idiotically speechless for I don't know how long."

Eells laughed, and asked in astonishment:

"Why, when? I was watching you every minute, and I didn't see that you even hesitated—except once. There was one break when I thought you made a very impressive pause, and I made up my mind to try that trick myself, when I had a chance."

"Is it possible," said the relieved orator, "that you didn't see how scared I was?"

"Never thought of such a thing," said Eells. "I know you'll take the prize."

Dr. Kendrick had received, before graduation, the appointment of Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages, in the Institution at Hamilton, N. Y., and he entered at once upon his duties there. A few years later, in 1836, he was obliged to accept a leave of absence for nearly two years, on account of poor health. As has been said in the preceding

chapter, his brothers were all living in the South—except the youngest, James Ryland—and he found in their hospitable homes and warm sympathy the restoration of which he stood in need. His health was very delicate, and he was apparently the one of the five destined to an early grave. Instead, he survived them all, and attained a greater age than any of them. It is related that, after he had bade his mother good-bye in Poultney, and set out for Georgia, a notice of his death was printed in the Poultney newspaper. Communication by post was slow, and his mother had many anxious days before her suspense was relieved.

While riding through the pine woods of the South he one day stopped at a cabin and asked for a drink of milk.

“Cain’t yo’ ’light and tie, stranger?” was the kind invitation. “Yo’ sure do look powerful weak.” Dr. Kendrick was, at this time, very thin and pale, and like

“Jonas Kindred, Sybil Kindred’s sire,
Was six feet high, and looked six inches higher.”

His tall, spare figure, appearing unexpectedly from the depths of the pine forest, on horseback, might have awakened the superstition that is always alive in the negro mind. Instead, however, the kindness just as sure to be found in that loyal race responded instantly to the appeal of evident weakness. In about a year and a half, Dr. Kendrick’s good constitution, reënforced by care and an out-of-door

life, rallied to his aid, and he returned to his work in Hamilton, not in robust health, but with a new supply of vigor and courage.

Hopkins has been, from the earliest history of New England, a notable name. Stephen Hopkins was one of those who signed the Declaration of Independence, Samuel Hopkins was a distinguished preacher. Of the later representatives of the name, President Mark and Professor Albert Hopkins are the most widely known. Williams College is their memorial. My aunt Catherine was a favorite cousin of these two men, and she took me, a child of seven, to pay a visit at Williamstown. I well remember the imposing figure of the President, the interesting young family, and especially the "keeping of Saturday night," an observance unfamiliar to me, although I had been carefully instructed in the observance of the Sabbath. I hardly know whether I was more impressed by the extraordinary piety of Saturday evening, or the surprising spectacle of knitting on Sunday evening.

Sewall Hopkins, M.D., of Clinton, N. Y., was an uncle of President Mark and Professor Albert Hopkins. He was a son of Col. Mark Hopkins, of Great Barrington, Mass., and Electa Sargent (Hopkins), who is said to have been the first white child born in Stockbridge, Mass. Her father and brother were missionaries to the Indians, the former in Stockbridge, the latter in New Stockbridge, N. Y. Dr. Hopkins was active in establishing the Academy



Anne E. Hopkins Kendrick

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that developed into Hamilton College, of which institution he was for many years a trustee. The college records speak of "his quiet and impressive manners, his affectionate disposition, his capacity for business, and his honorable conduct in every relation of life." His first wife was Ruth Strong Norton, of Revolutionary ancestry. The one daughter of this marriage, Cornelia, became the wife of Dr. Moses Bristol, of Buffalo. Mrs. Hopkins died at the age of twenty-three.

Dr. Hopkins' second wife belonged to a family equally distinguished, the Harts. Many members of this large family have attained distinction in different lines of activity. Lucretia Hart, of the Kentucky branch, became the wife of Henry Clay. Hartford, Conn., owes its name and its prosperity to Harts, and Rochester, N. Y., has long numbered among its eminent citizens men and women of the Hart name and blood. By inter-marriage with the Rochesters they are identified with the founding of the city. With the names of Hart, Rochester, Mumford, Reynolds, and Dwinelle, the earliest and most enduring work in the beginning of Rochester is associated.

Prudence Hart, Dr. Hopkins' second wife, was a daughter of Judge Thomas Hart, a descendant of Steven Hart, who arrived in Cambridge, Mass., in 1632. Deacon Steven Hart was a deacon in the churches of Rev. Thomas Hooker (an ancestor of Professor Ryland Morris Kendrick, on his mother's

side) in Cambridge, Mass., and in Hartford, Conn. A brother of Judge Thomas Hart, Jonathan Hart, also a Judge, was the great-grandfather of Collins Hart, whose widow, Catherine M. Buell Hart, now of Canandaigua, belonged to a prominent family in Rochester. A sister of Mrs. Hart, Mrs. Martin W. Cooke, is the widow of the well-known lawyer of that name, formerly of Rochester. Mr. Cooke's family were early friends of Dr. Kendrick, and three brothers of the family are on the roll of the Alumni of Rochester University. Mr. Martin W. Cooke was a man of many gifts, and was a welcome guest in the home of Dr. Kendrick.

Dr. Sewall Hopkins and Prudence Hart Hopkins had several daughters and one son, Mark. The Hopkins home, halfway down College Hill, was a very attractive place to college boys and young Professors. The Hill circle and the Village circle contained several brilliant young women. Among them were the mother and aunts of the Hon. Elihu Root, who as Secretary of War, Secretary of State, and Senator from New York has given to his country a service remarkably varied in character and marked by rare ability. Mrs. Theodore Dwight, Mrs. Edward Love, Mrs. Edward North (the handsome wife of "Old Greek" of Hamilton College), Mrs. Othniel Williams, who, youthful in manner and charming in appearance, is probably the only survivor of that fascinating group—these were some of the members of the Social Circle. Of the Hop-

kins sisters two were of the group—Catherine, afterwards Mrs. Almon Beardsley, and Anne Elizabeth, afterwards Mrs. Asahel Clark Kendrick.

Small wonder that the young Greek Professor, with health restored and salary assured, came back to Clinton and invited one of the prettiest of the Clinton girls to go to Hamilton to live. Miss Hopkins, and her sisters, had enjoyed the best advantages of the period, and she was naturally a student and a reader. She accepted the Greek Professor's invitation, and the exchange of one college town for another was made. The marriage took place in September, 1838, and Mrs. Edward Love, in an interesting book of reminiscences, says: "The marriage of Miss Anne Elizabeth Hopkins to Professor Asahel Clark Kendrick was celebrated in the high, large parlor of the Hopkins homestead. With all the joy appropriate to the occasion was mingled some sadness. The Social Circle was parting with one whose fine literary powers, social position, and executive ability had made her a valued leader." Younger members were admitted later.

In going to Hamilton Mrs. Kendrick entered an interesting faculty circle. Mrs. Thomas J. Conant, a very remarkable woman, writes of those faculty gatherings: "There was more wit and wisdom exchanged in those little bird-cages of parlors than would have sufficed to spice a London season in its raciest days." Dr. Kendrick and his wife bought the house, and lived in it as long as they remained

in Hamilton, which later was bought of them by Mrs. Emily Chubbuck Judson, when she returned to America after the death of Dr. Judson. Hamilton had been Mrs. Judson's early home, and Dr. Nathaniel Kendrick had officiated at her marriage on June 2, 1846. The wedding journey of Dr. and Mrs. Kendrick was taken on the great trans-state thoroughfare of the time—the Erie Canal.

Mrs. Kendrick was welcomed as a notable addition to this choice circle. Among her many activities she included the poetic translation of selections from the German poets, a lively interest in the educational outlook in the state and country, a keen enjoyment of all good literature, an intelligent and thoughtful view of current political questions, and, especially, a thorough acquaintance and sympathy with the religious movements of her time. The salary of a Professor in a village was not such as to dazzle its possessor, or his partner in the management, with visions of wealth, or even with hopes of ultimate relief and comfort. Dr. Nathaniel Kendrick, as President of the Theological Seminary, was receiving, at that time, four hundred dollars for the year. Dr. Asahel Clark Kendrick's stipend may have been nearly as much. But on this slender income he and his wife maintained their home and their little family in dignity and with comfort. She was never without sufficient domestic service in her house, and by her remarkable management, aided by her husband's untiring industry with voice and

pen, she made a serene as well as interesting home. She died in Rochester in 1851.

Dr. Kendrick's early studies included Arabic, Sanscrit, Danish, Hebrew, Greek, Spanish, Italian, German, and French.

Dr. and Mrs. Kendrick had four daughters. Of these, the eldest, Caroline Matilda, became the wife of the late Dr. George Franklin Cooper, a well-known citizen of Georgia. She died in 1911, leaving two sons—Thornton Kendrick and Paul Hamilton. The former married a cultivated girl of English parentage, Beatrice C. Walker, and resides near Vancouver, British Columbia. The latter married Rachel Frances Chapin, a daughter of Edward Dwight Chapin, a member of one of Rochester's most influential families. Mr. Cooper has been connected, for several years, with the Western Electric Company, and resides in East Orange, N. J. He is a graduate of Rochester University.

The three living daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Kendrick are Helen Louise, the wife of Dr. Rossiter Johnson, of New York City; Florence Hopkins, the widow of Liston Cooper, of Americus, Ga.; and Anne Elizabeth, the wife of Professor Wayland Richardson Benedict, formerly of the University of Cincinnati. Dr. and Mrs. Johnson have one child living, Florence Kendrick: Professor and Mrs. Benedict have six children: Mary Kendrick, Wayland Clark, Howard, Florence Louise, Stanley Rossiter, and Agnes Elizabeth.

THE UNREMEMBERED, UNFORGOTTEN MOTHER

"Unknown, belovéd, thou whose shadow lies
 Across the sunny threshold of my years;
 Whom memory, with never resting eyes,
 Seeks through the past, but cannot find for tears—
 How bitter is the thought that I, thy child,
 Remember not the touch, the look, the tone,
 Which made my young life thrill; that I alone
 Forget the face that o'er my cradle smiled:
 And yet I know that if a sudden light
 Revealed thy living likeness, I should find
 That my poor heart had pictured thee aright:
 So will I wait, nor think the lot unkind
 That hides thee from me, till I know by sight
 The perfect face by love on earth divined."

THE PROMISE OF THE SPRING

May 18

"God does not give us strange flowers every year,
 When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places
 The same dear things lift up the same fair faces—
 The violet is here.

"It all comes back, the odor, grace, and hue;
 Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
 No blank is left, no looking-for is cheated:
 It is the thing we knew:

"So after the death-winter it must be
 God will not put strange signs in heavenly places:
 The old love will look out of the old faces;
 Dearest, I shall have thee."

For even now, beyond the gate of tears,
 They stand revealed in immortality.

—THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

CHAPTER FOURTH

A GLANCE OVER FORTY-FIVE YEARS

To you, Alumni, we must leave these great interests. I, especially, feel that I must soon surrender to others my part in the great work of education.—*Address to Rochester Alumni in New York City.*—ASAHEL CLARK KENDRICK.

Even childhood's visions hovered 'round old Greece.

—BÉRANGER.

A LIFE whose eighty-six years were spent, except the first twelve, in two towns, nearly sixty of them as a teacher of Greek, offers few salient points. Dr. Kendrick received invitations to professorships in several colleges, and the presidency of Brown University was offered to him. But he gave himself wholly to the institution for whose founding he had risked his early professional interests. Nor was his life monotonous. The true record of such a life, if it could be obtained, would have the charm of fiction. Every deepest passion of the human soul would be found as keenly alive as in the breast of the soldier or the explorer. Dr. Kendrick says, writing of Mrs. Judson, who, like himself, left only brief fragments for her biographer: "Each human heart, could its deepest workings be unveiled, is a microcosm which encompasses the whole essential life of humanity." In the "Poet's Corner"—so named for him—of Rochester University the

world's great fight went on—of Truth, as Dr. Kendrick saw it, against Error, in religion, in scholarship, in government, in society. To a thoughtful man life must always be intense; the chambers of the spirit are battlefields where victories are won or defeats are met, and Dr. Kendrick lived through some of the most stirring events in the history of his country.

The first event of importance in his personal life, after his marriage in 1838, was his removal to Rochester, in 1850. Previous to that year the Baptists of the State of New York had been agitated by a proposal to remove the institution at Hamilton—Madison University—to Rochester. The attractions of Hamilton were very great, but the demands for greater educational opportunities in the western part of the state were becoming insistent. The fertile lands along the Genesee had become the centre of an intelligent and fast-growing population, and it seemed at that time as if Hamilton were too far away ever to supply the demand. Dr. Adams, a son-in-law of Dr. Nathaniel Kendrick, says that “in the early part of the century—the first quarter—it did not seem possible that the central and western parts of the State of New York could ever be brought into close relations, so difficult was travel and so costly the postal system of the country.” It took nine days for Dr. Nathaniel Kendrick to go from Hanover, N. H., to Franklin, Mass.

To Rochester came, in 1850, six members of the

Hamilton Faculty—Professors Conant, Maginnis, Richardson, Raymond, Mixer, and Kendrick. Then began the history of Rochester University, and of Dr. Kendrick's connection with it, a connection only fully severed by his death in 1895. He was about forty years old. His health had always been delicate, and the death of his wife soon after she came to join him in Rochester was a prostrating blow. After the College at Rochester was well on its feet—he was its executive officer until the election of Martin B. Anderson, in 1852—he made a visit to Europe, partly in the hope of recovering his health, but primarily with the object of going to Greece.

The idea of study in Europe was, in the United States, scarcely even a germ—what germ there was not having grown large enough to spread beyond Germany. A few Americans had gone to Berlin or Leipsic. But Greece! There was such a spot on the map, and something about it in the front part of the histories, the part devoted to effete civilizations, mythical demigods, and fantastic heroes. But was there a real Greece that live Americans could visit? It was as remote from the actual consciousness of the average American as were Plato and Demosthenes. Byron had re-created a Greece, but it was largely a Greece of corsairs, so overwrought with romance that the very struggles which led the poet to its defence and to his own death seemed more like shadowy conflicts in the

clouds than anything that Young America conceived of as a fight for freedom.

This was not a universal point of view in America, although it is still something of a novelty to include Greece in the tourist's itinerary; but it was the point of view of the playmates of the little Kendricks, who, in the village of Clinton, were looked upon as doubly orphaned. Their pathetic black dresses seemed to express not only the loss of a mother, but of a father gone almost as far. His return seemed almost as impossible.

But when a necklace came from Marathon, a pair of dolls, most astonishingly dressed, but real dolls, from Athens, lovely pictures of buildings with columns, rather old buildings, but looking quite grand, and dear letters from "Papa"—then the star of the little Hellenes rose and shone, the Greek consciousness awoke in the dwellers along the Chenango Canal, and to "go to Greece" became not the slogan of scorn, but the legend of unbounded admiration and respect. And when the returned Athenian traveler went down the hill toward the cottage opposite the house made famous by the school of Miss Nancy Royce, the glory of a Roman triumph paled in comparison.

Dr. Kendrick's departure for Europe was characteristic. He refers to it in a letter sent back to a newspaper in New York as follows: "It was about eleven o'clock on the second of September [1852] that I put off in a little boat from the New

York dock to reach the ship Manhattan, which a little before had left her moorings, and was lying out in the river, awaiting my coming. I do not know whether it is the first time in the history of human affairs that a Doctor of Divinity has arrested the progress of a ship and a steamboat together. No sooner had I bestowed my loose change upon the boatman, and climbed up the mountain side of the vessel, than she renewed her course, and, under conduct of the steamer Ajax, glided down the bay."

Few—none, perhaps, except his aged mother and his sympathetic brothers—had any idea of the scholarly ambition and personal courage evinced by the frail student in setting out alone on the long voyage in a sailing-vessel. Of his emotions at sea, of the unwearied kindness of Captain Peabody, who "tucked him in" when he was ill, of his backward yearnings and forward anticipations, a touching story might be made. His wide range of reading and his vivid imagination had made the history and especial places of interest in the Old World more familiar to him than to many denizens of that Old World themselves. He writes: "I shall not attempt to delineate my feelings as we emerged from the smoke of Liverpool into the rural scenery of England. Now I felt that I was in England; the stirring memories of a thousand years rushed over my soul.

“ My blood that knew its parent fountain
Ran warm and free in English air.

And let none dream that England is in decay. She is rather on the threshold of her career. At least there throbs in all her veins the blood of a vigorous and undecaying manhood.”

England was to him a home, and Englishmen were brothers. Later, during the Civil War, he, in common with all patriotic men, who had loved England as well as America, was wounded to the quick by the attitude of English leaders toward the North, and some extracts are given which indicate the sorrow and indignation felt toward the mother country for that reason. In later years, Dr. Kendrick's visits to England were marked by delightful interviews with scholars and men of letters, with whose names and work he had been for many years familiar. In London he boarded at John Chapman's, the editor of the *Westminster Review*. Here he met George Eliot, Harriet Martineau, and other English persons of note, besides some distinguished Americans, including Bayard Taylor. The intellectual atmosphere at “Chapman's” was stimulating; but the utterances of some of the radical spirits of whom the house was the headquarters, drew from him deserved rebukes. On one occasion, either there or elsewhere, when an impious sentiment was uttered in his presence, he arose and excused himself, saying that, as a Christian minister, he could not be a silent listener when his God and faith

were attacked. In an article published at the time of the Civil War, called out by an article in *The North British Review* on the United States, he refers to the *Westminster Review* as the "great British organ of unbelief and blasphemy," from the "caprices" of which "we expect no consistent justice." This article expresses so faithfully the patriotic sentiments which pervaded the best classes in the North that an extract is here given. After referring to the "premature post-mortem dissection" with which the British Reviews had favored the Northern States, and the whole country incidentally, he says:

"The British journalists taunt us in our extremity, and comfort us in our expected downfall by assuring us that the world will be all the better for our extinction. It is proverbially easy to be resigned to other persons' afflictions, and we doubt if this sublime and Christian virtue was ever more signally exercised. There is no momentary reluctance to acquiesce in the manifest ordering of Providence; no even simulated yielding to the weakness of sympathizing with a great and kindred people over that heaviest of all national calamities, the breaking up of their government; no syllable of regret over the sudden quenching of bright national hopes. If the writers of the articles in the leading British journals for January and February chance to review what they have written, they will find that they have not been guilty, in any unguarded

moment, of relaxing the stern severity of the critic into the gentleness of the friend. They will perceive that they have not mitigated, by one single sentence, their undisguised joy over the disruption of the American Union. We do not threaten to remember it; but assuredly it will not be easy to forget the aspect which literary England has turned toward us in the struggle. . . . As a nation we have many and grave faults. God forbid that we should deny or ignore them. We have drawn upon ourselves the chastisements of His hands, and we would reverently drink the cup of trembling which He proffers to our lips. And we believe that the day is not far distant when the British people will be ashamed of the bitter draught which they presented to us in the hour of our deep affliction."

His stay in London was filled with incidents of interest. The elaborate funeral of the Duke of Wellington took place while he was in the city. From London he went to Paris. He had the agreeable companionship of an American friend, the Rev. James N. Granger, of Buffalo, who was on a tour of the Baptist mission stations of the Far East. With Mr. Granger he went about "fair, fantastic Paris." Among other sights, these two Republicans witnessed the triumphal entry of Napoleon III, of which Dr. Kendrick says that "it lacked all the elements of a triumph except a pageant." He speaks with warm appreciation of the congenial

society of Mr. Granger, who had been an intimate friend in Hamilton, and in whose family Dr. Kendrick had resided for more than a year. Dr. William D. Granger, a son of this valued friend, is an eminent physician of New York City. Miss Grace Granger, a daughter, resides in Providence, R. I.

In Paris, too, he "had the privilege of being present at the meeting at which the American residents of Paris expressed their sense of the great loss sustained by the country and the world, in the death of Daniel Webster." He writes: "Our Minister, Mr. Rives, made a speech, brief but in admirable taste, on the characters of Clay and Webster; he was followed by the Honorable Mr. Barnard, American Minister at Berlin, in an elaborate eulogy on Mr. Webster alone. Short and interesting speeches were made also by George Wood, Esq., of New York, and Franklin Dexter, of Boston." The resolutions were sent to America.

Then on to Greece! A soul of any sensibility must be touched by the associations of that land of story and of song, and there was perhaps not another American to whom, at that time, the history, the literature, the architecture, the art, the very air and ground and sky of Greece would have appealed with more power than to this Green-Mountain boy—born in a hamlet that was scarcely redeemed from a wilderness, bred in a little village in another wilderness, trained by men and women whose opportunities had been no greater than his own.

He says that on awaking to find himself really in Athens, the Mecca of his aspirations from his youth, his emotions were so keen that at first he turned away from the direction of the Acropolis, in order to enjoy the delight of anticipation with the assurance of realization so near. In a stanza translated from Béranger, he portrays sympathetically his own sentiments :

What though I slowly trace the Homeric page—
True Greek I am; the Samian sage was right;
Pericles' Athens nursed my tender age,
Socrates blessed me mid his dungeon's night.

“Never, never,” he writes, “could I tire of this Attic scenery; never cease to feel an almost rapturous delight at the admirable harmony into which mountain, sea, and plain are wrought under the rich enrobement of the magical Grecian atmosphere. It needs but a single glance from the Athenian Acropolis, or the summit of Lycabettus, to believe that Nature destined this as the theatre of events of no common magnitude—a fitting home for a people who were to be the political and intellectual aristocracy of the race—‘heroes in history and gods in song.’”

Dr. Kendrick spent the winter in Greece, studied in Germany and France for a few months, and returned to Rochester for the opening session of the University, in September, 1853.

The college was prospering under the management of a strong faculty. Martin B. Anderson

was the President, and as members of the faculty were (to quote from the *Life of Martin B. Anderson*, by Dr. Kendrick) "the patriarchal Dewey, the erudite Maginnis, the classic Conant, the scholarly Richardson, the cultured Cutting, the brilliant Raymond, the efficient Wilder, the gifted Quinby, the poetic Mixer." Dr. Edward Bright, of New York, Dr. Edward M. Moore, the eminent physician and surgeon of Rochester, the faithful brothers, William N. and Edwin O. Sage, the well-beloved Elon Huntington, poetic and courteous, an example of that noble type, a gentleman of the old school—these and others were the friends and supporters of the college. E. Peshine Smith, of Rochester, was a teacher of mathematics, and Hon. Ira Harris, of the Board of Regents, was one of the first officers of the college.

Many able men have been added to the faculty roll during the more than fifty years since the first Commencement. Some of the most eminent of those who, for many years, have adorned the profession of the teacher and increased the reputation of the University by their influence and learning are Professor Joseph H. Gilmore, Professor William C. Morey, Professor Henry F. Burton, and Professor George M. Forbes. Two of the most notable of the earlier professors—Samuel A. Lattimore and Otis H. Robinson—have recently passed away. The city, as well as the college, will miss their genial presence. Of the more recent members

of the faculty, Dr. Charles Wright Dodge is eminent as a biologist and Dr. Heman L. Fairchild is a well-known geologist.

The University has had three Presidents—Martin Brewer Anderson, David Jayne Hill (afterward United States Ambassador at Berlin), and Rush Rhees—and few institutions of learning can show a more distinguished trio of men. The present President, Dr. Rush Rhees, has by patient wisdom won the confidence of the community and of a much wider public, the result of which is seen in increased endowment, new buildings, and an enthusiasm for himself and for the college. The University is entering on a very promising period of its history, and the Alumni may well be proud, not only of its past, but of its present, and may believe that, if they will prove themselves loyal sons to their gracious Mother, her future is assured.

At the Commencement of 1913 the gathering of the Alumni and friends of the University was large, and the spirit was very enthusiastic. Dr. Rossiter Johnson, of New York City, was the President of the Alumni, and, after the annual dinner, he read the following original poem. Its profound and pathetic philosophy touched responsive chords in every one present, but its aptness and interest are not limited to any occasion or place. It is especially pleasant to include it in this volume, as Dr. Johnson's thoughtful and musical verse had no warmer admirer than was Dr. Kendrick.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING

We said Good morning! long ago,
 When skies were blue and eyes were bright.
 But now the shadows longer grow,
 And we perchance must say Good night!

Why not Good night?—a restful phrase,
 A lullaby of youth and age,
 The vesper call of toilsome days
 That bids come home and take our wage.

Good night to classmates down the slope
 Who've heard that call and gone before!
 Good morning to the cheerful hope
 That we shall meet them all once more!

Good night to errors now outgrown!
 Good night to strivings all unwise!
 Good morning to the daylight thrown
 Through life's deceptive sophistries!

Good night to petty ills and hates
 That soiled too oft our early page!
 Good morning to the nobler fates
 That bring us love's fair heritage!

Good night unto a troubled past
 That still we would not all forget!
 Good morning to a future vast
 That reaches—where, we know not yet!

Good night to those who taught us here
 When all around was fresh and young!—
 The quick command in accents clear,
 The patient heart, the silver tongue.

Here learned we many a wholesome truth.
 Here many false ambitions died.
 Good night to Alma Mater's youth!
 Good morning to her day of pride!

In 1859 Dr. Kendrick married a second time. His wife, Helen M. Hooker, was a daughter of one of Rochester's first and most estimable pioneers, Alexander Hooker, of Irondequoit. The name Hooker is associated with the earliest and best known of the New England settlements. The Rev. Thomas Hooker had the unusual experience of carrying his church with him when he removed from Cambridge to New Haven. The Hooker records are, in England and in this country, among the most complete obtainable, and a Hooker reunion brings together many distinguished persons. Integrity, ability, and force are the characteristics of the descendants of the Hookers, whether of the theologian, Richard, who powerfully defended the Established Church in England; or of Thomas, equally zealous as a non-conformist, whose influence was very great in New England; or of "Fighting Joe Hooker," who, during the Civil War, won renown in almost every section of the country.

Miss Hooker was well-known in Rochester. She was artistic, poetic, a German scholar, a witty and elegant writer, a woman of varied accomplishments, and especially interested in the Christian work of the church. She was a critic of unusual acuteness, a loyal friend, a devoted wife and mother. She died in 1880, leaving two children: Mary Josephine, who became the wife of Dr. Emory W. Hunt, an Alumnus of Rochester University, who has filled with eminent success the office of pastor and Col-



Helen M. Hooker Kendrick

1870
1871

1

lege President. Mrs. Hunt died in 1890, leaving one daughter, Helen Kendrick. The second child, Ryland Morris, married May Seymour Cooper, of Georgia, who joined him in Athens, Greece, where they were united in marriage at the house of the American Minister. Professor and Mrs. Kendrick have two children, Jean and Nathaniel, 3rd. Professor Kendrick succeeded to the chair of Greek in the University of Rochester, and has purchased the Hooker homestead, where he now resides. It was an interesting incident of his marriage that a Greek minister, Dr. Kalopathakes, was present, who had known Dr. Kendrick on his first visit to Athens.

Dr. Kendrick made several other trips to Europe, the last in company with his brother Ryland, in 1881. In the year in which Grip first appeared in this country as a serious epidemic, Dr. Kendrick had two attacks. He apparently recovered, but repeated periods of heart-failure showed that a vital point had been weakened by his illnesses. He gave up his regular teaching at the University, but received some classes and students at his home. Twice, after he was eighty years old, he went, one of his daughters accompanying him, to southern Georgia, and there he seemed to turn back the hands on the dial, he was so erect and so alive to every interesting feature of the New South—a great change since, a youth of twenty, he had ridden through the pine woods for his health. He was entirely free from the alarming attacks of the pre-

ceding winters, and worked diligently on his revision of Meyer's Commentary on the Gospel by John. His brain and hand seemed to work as well as ever.

One morning while he was writing in his sunny room, the colored housemaid, with that quaint freedom often seen, consistent with the greatest respect, in the negro servant, stopped a moment at the table, and asked:

"Mr. Kindrick, 'bout how ole might you be, sah?"

"How old do you think?" was the answer.

"Oh, I reckon you'se 'bout fohty."

"Double that and add four," Dr. Kendrick answered.

"Law me!" said Delia, "you must have been a mighty good man to be so ole and look so young."

Delia had been a teacher in one of the schools for the negroes, and so she was able to do the "sum."

In the winter of 1894-95 his strength declined, and with one of his daughters, he spent the winter in Toledo, Ohio. His eighty-fifth birthday occurred in that winter, and among other tributes, Mr. Joseph O'Connor wrote for the Post-Express a long article from which many paragraphs might be quoted. Mr. O'Connor says, in closing (after referring to an exegetical article of Dr. Kendrick's): "In the wide field of literature with which the scholar is so familiar we might find many an ap-

propriate sentiment for his birthday; but we adopt that thought which he has so strongly put—the supreme importance, not only to every man, but to the world, of the victory of good over evil in the single soul.”

On October 21, 1895, he went out with his daughter for a short walk. On his return, he took his easy chair, and said: “Now bring me Dr. Strong’s last book.” There was no more cause for apprehension on that day than on many others, and in the afternoon his son, who was intending to go to Athens for study, took the train for New York, expecting to sail on the following day. Before he left the house, his father talked with him, with much interest, and with a perfectly clear recollection of the details, of his own visit to Greece in 1853. He spoke with affection of his friend, Dr. Albert N. Arnold, who was a missionary in Greece at the time of Dr. Kendrick’s visit, one of the most delightful and congenial of companions. He related incidents of Dr. King, another interesting resident in Athens, a missionary of the Episcopal church, and of Dr. King’s charming little daughter, who used to ask him, in her childish voice, “*ποῦ ἐστὶν ἡ μικρὰ παῖς σου;*”—“where is *your* little girl?”

A striking incident of that eventful evening occurred when, about eight o’clock, Dr. Kendrick stopped at the foot of the stairs to bid some members of the family good-night. To recite a stanza

of poetry was as natural to him as the ordinary salutations are to others. He paused a moment, and quoted a stanza of a favorite serenade:

“ Good night, good night, my dearest!
How fast the moments fly!
'Tis time to part—thou hearest
That distant watchman's cry—
Good night! good night!”

A little later his son was summoned back from Utica.

“ At eventide, behold, terror; and before the morning he is not.”

A few days after this the First Baptist church, of Rochester, where he had been a reverent and regular worshiper for forty-five years, was filled with alumni, students, and friends. Comprehensive and tender addresses were made by Dr. David Jayne Hill, the polished and popular President of the University, by Dr. Augustus Hopkins Strong, only recently (in 1912) resigned from the office of President of the Theological Seminary, a post which he filled for many years with illustrious success, and Dr. Joseph W. A. Stewart, pastor of the church. Those addresses were remarkable tributes to the different aspects of Dr. Kendrick's character and work, and, as may be inferred from the names of the speakers, were eloquent, affectionate, and just.

Many public and private tributes to his character and life were paid. Of these, none described with

more beauty or with more insight, his peculiar characteristics, intellectual and personal, than the article in the Rochester Post-Express, written by the late Joseph O'Connor. A few paragraphs are here quoted.

“ He [Dr. Kendrick] was not a man suited in disposition or fashioned in character for prominence in active affairs; his profession was one which busies itself at the foundation of society, shaping the thought, the belief, the purpose of young men, careless of the day, and anxious for the generation. As a scholar he had won world-wide reputation; as an instructor he had quickened the intelligence and strengthened the powers of multitudes of men now foremost throughout the land in every professional pursuit; as a friend he had influenced every one with whom he had come in contact through his gentle sympathy, his suggestive wit, his wonderful resources of knowledge. We might be unconscious of his presence in the din and confusion of daily life, but we were never forgetful of him. Below the surface lay a strong love and reverence, which started into eager expression at a touch. The mere mention of his name at a college gathering was a signal for a burst of applause.

“ Dr. Kendrick's special field as a scholar was the Greek language and literature; and he studied both with enthusiasm and brought to bear in mastering them an intellectual subtlety that was near akin to Hellenic thought. In the class-room he was un-

rivaled. He heard in Plato and Demosthenes more than faint echoes of a dead language; and from his impression of their vitality students caught the sense of their lasting individuality. It would be idle to attempt to picture his charm in congenial companionship. His sparkling wit, his whimsical turns of thought, his quick appreciation of sentiment or humor, his simplicity and candor, his easy strength, his ready admiration of what was nobly said, the hesitancy in choosing from many words crowding on his fancy the one word requisite, the glow in his gentle eyes, the quick play of his mobile lips—no vague phrases may suggest them to those who never felt the spell of their enchantment.”

That young men engaged in the not always agreeable occupation of wrestling with a difficult foreign tongue should recognize, through and over their bewilderments, the fine and rare qualities of their teacher, is a tribute to the students as well as to the professor. Many of the Alumni write of him now as if the twenty, thirty, or even fifty years that intervene between their recitations and the present had not cast even a shade over their memories, and had deepened their consciousness of the value of his influence. His relations with the students were always agreeable. Of one, he once said, “He never makes the same mistake twice.” Of another, “If he had not been the best student in college in mathematics, he would have been the best in Greek. He excelled in everything.” Of another, who

liked some things better than Greek, but almost nothing better than Dr. Kendrick, he said: "I sometimes have to remind him that he is not doing as good work as he should; but I always like him better after such a talk than I did before. He has such fine qualities." The discriminating and kindly comments of their Greek Professor—he never made any others, and seldom said anything personal—would make a very pleasant book for the Alumni, and the recent letters concerning him, from his former students, are a valued testimonial to their loyalty. From a Rochester paper of 1892, the following item is clipped: "One of the finest things about the commencement is the appearance of the venerable figure of Dr. Kendrick; and one of the most beautiful things is the enthusiasm with which he is greeted."

The relation of Dr. Kendrick to his pastors was singularly fine. He was the most lenient of critics, and the most appreciative of listeners. He disliked to hear deprecatory remarks of a sermon. He said: "A man should always be judged by his best work. It is inevitable that he should sometimes fall below his own ideal." He held each pastor in turn—Nott, Robins, Baldwin, Stewart—in high esteem, knowing his difficulties, admiring his gifts, and learning deeper spiritual lessons from his preaching than most of those who had more need of them. A friend and pastor, Dr. Henry E. Robins, now of Greenfield, Mass., who is mentioned elsewhere, said of him: "He always listened in that beautiful way

of his." Dr. Ezekiel Gilman Robinson once said: "May I be spared the man who looks at his watch during my preaching." Dr. Kendrick never looked at his watch during the sermon. These qualities—interest, appreciation, courtesy, and frank commendation—endeared him to the men who became his pastors. He was one of the first to recognize the rare ability of his last pastor, Dr. J. W. A. Stewart, and the opportunity to listen to him in public, or to meet him in private, was considered a privilege. He loved the Church of God, its appointed services and its wide interests at home and abroad. At one time, many years ago, in its early history, a wave of doubt rolled over the threshold of the Rochester Theological Seminary; and it was commonly said that the unsettled theological students went to Dr. Kendrick to have their faith re-established. One of those early students said, in a recent letter: "He helped me when I greatly needed help."

The home life and the table-talk were never dull. Puns and quips and conundrums and epigrams were always flying about, as freely with the children as with the most distinguished guests. The earlier years were enlivened by the games now relegated to the antiquary, "What's my thought like?" capping verses, throwing lights, and others. One answer to the question, "What's my thought like?" comes to memory. The "thought" was the Atlantic Cable—then the great marvel of the period. Dr.

Kendrick's answer to the question, "What's my thought like?" was "Nebuchadnezzar." When he was called on to explain the similarity between the Atlantic Cable and Nebuchadnezzar, he instantly answered, "Why, the likeness is evident. Each is a 'royal thing to babble on' (Babylon)."

He was widely beloved and mourned. On the death of Sir William Jones, the Orientalist, poet, and Christian, her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire sent to Lady Jones a noble tribute to the distinguished scholar—an original poem of four stanzas. The last stanza seems not inappropriate here:

"Regret and praise the general voice bestows,
 And public sorrows with domestic blend;
 But deeper yet must be the grief of those
 Who, while the sage they honored, loved the friend."

Here, 'mid the years, untouched by time or stress,
 Shall sweep on every wind that stirs the soul
 The music of a voice that never died.

—THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

CHAPTER FIFTH

THE POET

When we have endowed the soul with the energy of power, we have done but half our work. We would have the poetry of the mind breathing through the scholar's visions, giving them beauty and radiance.—ASAHEL CLARK KENDRICK.

IN the notice of Dr. Kendrick in the general catalogue of Hamilton College, in the class of 1831, after some detailed statements of his occupations, he is described by four letters of the alphabet—m, t, a, and P—which, according to the explanation of abbreviations, stand for minister, teacher, author, and Poet. As the last is printed in full, with a capital "P," the inference is plain that he was considered by his Alma Mater to be a capital poet. That she did so consider him she proved by inviting him to deliver the poem at the celebration of her semi-centennial anniversary, in 1862. He accepted the invitation, and, after the Historical address, by the President, Dr. Samuel W. Fisher, he read a poem entitled "Dreams." In the opening lines he modestly disclaims a right to the lofty title of poet, and humorously suggests the danger of

dealing with your genuine bard,
Demand an inch, he'll triple you a yard;
An Iliad's length spun in Wordsworthian wire,
All Southey's smoke with none of Homer's fire—
He straight draws forth, and "just because it's you,"
The boon vouchsafes to hear you read it through.

In spite of his disclaimer as to himself and his warning to his audience, it was the unanimous opinion of the scholarly assembly that crowded the Old Stone Church of Clinton, that the wit and wisdom and fancy that aptly turned

“ From grave to gay, from lively to severe ”

were sufficient proof that the committee had made no mistake in its choice of a poet.

The poem of the occasion, “ Dreams,” was, as the date given indicates, written and first delivered at the time when every patriotic citizen was indignant over the possibility that the Southern Confederacy would be recognized abroad as an accredited government, their interest in the Southern cotton-fields moving many of the French and English people toward such action. “ Intervention ” was the offensive term, and the word, with its unfriendly suggestion, made the Northern blood hot. No public utterance could fail to make earnest mention of the crisis which the country was facing, and after his opening lines, Dr. Kendrick refers, with stern pathos, to the attitude of the “ Mother Country ” toward the cause of Union against Disunion, of Freedom against Slavery. These references stirred the sympathies of the listeners, already keenly alive to the situation. But a climax was reached, that brought storms of applause that could hardly be stilled, when the speaker said:

But push thy intervening joke too far
And—we will swear it by our western star—
We'll rend thy thunders from Niagara's roar,
Sweep with our breeze Ontario's northern shore,
Plant o'er Quebec our country's oriflamme,
And make her heights the Heights of Abraham.

This reference to the President, then hardly more maligned by open foes abroad than by double-tongued friends at home, created great enthusiasm. More than fifty years later, the Chairman of the Day, Judge Gilbert Wilcoxon, recited these lines to one of Dr. Kendrick's daughters. He said that the scene was one long to be remembered. There were students in the graduating class only waiting for their diploma to assume the uniform of a soldier of the United States, and some of those who went never returned. If any Philistine supposed that the scholastic circles were too self-centred to enter profoundly into the conditions existing in the country at that time, such incidents were evidence to the contrary.

After some further passages, appropriate to the stirring times, Dr. Kendrick turns from the sad story of the war:

To roam and revel in the realm of dreams.
Nor while I dream can I esteem it odd
If you, my audience, seek the land of Nod;
There, in like mood of ecstasy divine,
Bow your approval of each glowing line,
And yield, as well befits your liberal hearts,
Your readiest noddings to the dullest parts.
Dreams are the stuff of which our life is made,
Mellow its sunshine and illumine its shade:

The Poet dreams; and, robed in magic light,
Springs a new world upon our ravished sight.
The Painter dreams; and lo! in rapture wild
Stand in mid-heaven the Virgin and her child.
The maiden dreams; and deep within her breast
She hides the thought that broke her spirit's rest,
And mingled with its pure, unsullied beam
The troubled joy of Love's delicious dream.
The student dreams; ambition's splendid prize
Half-brightened, half-eclipsed by two black eyes;
His dream of fame lights up the midnight oil;
His dream of love plays, song-like, o'er his toil.

So the rich dream-clouds of our fancy lie
Fleecy and soft upon Truth's naked sky;
So her clear beams they color and diffuse,
Mellowed and blent in thousand changeful hues,
Till Earth's wide realms with soft enchantments teem,
Steeped in the raptures of the Spirit's dream,
And o'er the cold, the barren, and the real,
Is poured the glory of the soul's ideal.

Night's genii reconstruct, in mocking play,
The shivered "fragments of the golden day";
Those waking castles that we built in Spain
In dreamland rear their gorgeous towers again.

The elephant, by which all crushed you lie—
Seek not its symbolism profound to spy—
You'll read the riddle in your last mince-pie.
The grizzly bear that gripes you with his paw,
Is that boiled lobster's undigested claw.
The fifty thousand trumpets that you hear,
Are two mosquitoes buzzing in your ear.
And when from War's dread front your flight you take,
To save your life for your dear country's sake,
You do in slumber what—you'd do awake.

Then the soul's instincts subtle, deep, and fine,
With prescient ken its future oft divine;
And Sleep turns prophet; not that Fate's dark scroll
She blazons forth before the slumbering soul;
Not that a ray streams from the Eternal throne
To pour its brightness o'er the dark unknown;
But that the Spirit's fine intelligence,
Emancipate from grosser bonds of sense,
Grasps threads too slight to meet our waking glance,
And runs them through the Future's mazy dance;
Lists tones too delicate for our waking ears,
And hears their echo in the distant years.

Nor slumber only mocks the earthlier will;
Our waking visions are diviner still.
Such vision flashed on Homer's soul of fire,
And Troy's proud legend thrilled along his lyre.
Such vision did on Dante's spirit shine,
And woke to life the Comedy Divine.
Such vision glanced on Milton's sightless eyes,
And bade a world's majestic splendors rise.

Nor art and song alone own fancy's sway;
Full oft has Science caught her heavenliest ray
From the bright orb whose light prophetic streams
In flooding radiance o'er the realm of dreams.
Follow the adventurous host of souls sublime
Down the long ages of descending time;
Hierophants of truth—a sacred band—
Who passed her torch from flaming hand to hand,
Lighting our wanderings to the promised land;
And mark how Truth on yearning fancy broke,
Long ere she bowed to Reason's sterner yoke.

Pythagoras dreamed; and lo, in choir sublime,
The circling spheres pealed heaven's immortal chime,
And earth, unfix'd, joining her sister spheres,
Preludes the science of a thousand years.

And Plato dreamed, and to his eye unsealed
The soul's immortal life stood forth revealed;
He saw, unharmed by Death's dissolving hour,
The Spirit then assert its Godlike power,
And burst away, through kindred realms to range,
Beyond the reach of death, decay, or change.
And Kepler dreamed. Long had the planets wheeled
In their high orbs, their courses unrevealed;
One dream, one glance, one far, deep-piercing view,
Imagination caught the mighty clue,
And Reason, slowly following, traced it through.

I'm getting tired: so, no doubt, are you.
Suppose we skip a paragraph or two.
We wave our wand; we shift awhile our theme,
A change comes o'er the spirit of our dream.

I stood where Corinth's fortress height
Rose till it seemed the heavens to kiss;
While o'er the wave in purple light
Gleamed Athens' charmed Acropolis.
Round me in sparkling lustre spread
Those storied waters, isle-begemmed;
And far Parnassus reared its head
With a bright snow wreath diademed.
From those glad scenes of land and sea
I turned away and thought of thee.

I thought of thee where Sparta's flood
Swept sparkling to the heaving main,
As midst her crumbled wrecks I stood,
And reared in thought her towers again.
What forms sublime around me throng!
What heroes of a vanished age!
That breathe e'en now in breathing song,
That live on History's living page!
From scenes so grand, so dear to me,
My heart turned back to think of thee.

Later in the same summer (1862) Dr. Kendrick read this poem at the Commencement exercises of Rochester University, filling the place of a poet who was prevented from being present. He also delivered the poem at Colby University, Waterville, Me. His former pastor and beloved friend, Dr. Henry E. Robins, equally distinguished as a preacher and a college President, was at that time President of Colby.

That Dr. Kendrick was well qualified to write on "Dreams" may be inferred from an incident. He woke from a siesta one morning, laughing. "I thought I had made a fine poem," he said. "I was just rolling off these lines:

'To Warwick strand my erring feet shall tend,
Till Warwick towers shall stand on gable end!'"

Dr. Kendrick was a frequent poet on occasions, as he had a felicitous way of mingling sense and nonsense.

In 1855 Dr. Kendrick published a small volume of translations from German and French poets, which he called "Echoes." Of this a reviewer says: "In doing this [determining what of recent literature is really good and worth preserving], I find that nothing pleases me more than a little, elegant, unobtrusive volume of translations by our esteemed Professor, Dr. Kendrick. 'Echoes,' he has modestly styled it, and it is worthy of the name, for all our German readers—and they are critical enough—give it the praise of being an almost exact

rendering of the original. But, as in nature the echo often communicates to its faithful 'echo' sweeter and purer tones of its own, so it is with these translations of the poet-professor. He gives us specimens from the best German poets, with additional graces from his own taste and fancy." Among these translations is one of Schiller's exquisite poem entitled "Die Deutsche Muse." At the centennial celebration of that poet's birth, Dr. Kendrick was invited to deliver the English address before the Schiller Union in Rochester. The selection of a Professor of Greek, instead of a Professor of German, to speak to Germans at this interesting reunion is rather striking. It indicates a pleasant recognition by the Schiller Union of Dr. Kendrick's scholarly reputation, poetic appreciation, and international sympathy. A brief quotation from the address is made here, and the poem referred to, in Dr. Kendrick's translation, follows.

"Gentlemen of the Schiller Union: I unfeignedly regret that it has not fallen to an abler and worthier tongue to blend, on this day, the English element with the current of your German festivities. But little accustomed to platform speaking, I shrink from the honorable post which you have kindly assigned to me, and which otherwise I should be most happy and proud to occupy. For if a warm sympathy with our German brethren, both in their native land and in this home of their adoption; if an enthusiastic admiration of your grand language and

its many-sided literature; if a profound reverence for the noble character and lofty genius of the man whose shade we this day invoke from the slumbers of half a century—if these could fit me for the task, few would be more amply qualified.

“But it is not as strangers, gentlemen, that we extend to you our greetings. We are linked with you by the ties of a common ancestry. The blood of your fathers flows in our veins; the rough but rich harmonies of your tongue form the groundwork of our own. Celt and Dane and Norman have lent their stores to our vocabulary; the classical types of Italy and Greece have enriched it with their strength and beauty; but the beating of the warm German heart is felt through all, and it is the overmastering Teutonic vitality that has pervaded and wrought all these heterogeneous elements into one grand, living organism. When, therefore, we turn our eyes eastward toward the cradle of our race, while England is our immediate mother, yet our glance passes beyond the Thames and the Severn to the Rhine and the Elbe; and with much of the same feeling with which we mingle in the festivities that commemorate the birth of a Shakespeare, a Hampden, or a Burns, do we swell the chorus that extols the names of a Luther, a Koerner, or a Schiller.

“Originally destined, both by the wishes of his father and his own, for the Church, Schiller was forced by his father’s political relations to relin-

quish his chosen profession for the uncongenial pursuits, first of law and then of medicine. His intellectual servitude becoming at length intolerable, he emancipated himself from it by flight, and henceforth devoted himself to literature with steadily growing success. The time was in many respects favorable. The despotism of the frigid, artificial, and falsely called classical school had been broken. The enthusiasm of Klopstock, the genius, erudition, and strong practical sense of Lessing, the grace and scholarship of Wieland, had broken the sceptre of foreign domination, aroused the German intellect to the consciousness of its powers, and led it forth to the formation of an original and national literature. Younger than these, but somewhat in advance of Schiller, Voss, with his strong will, fine scholarship, and great power of achievement; Goethe, with his colossal intellect and intense devotion to art; and Herder, with his genial philosophy and broad erudition, were enlarging and consolidating the edifice which their predecessors had reared. In this constellation of talent Schiller's genius shone with a brightness that never has become dim."

THE GERMAN MUSE

No Augustan epoch flourished,
No Florentine's bounty nourished
German art's unfolding hour:
Honor's chaplet never crowned her,
Nor with Princes' sunshine round her
Bloomed she forth a peerless flower.

By our greatest son neglected,
Forth she went all unprotected,
 From the royal Frederic's throne:
Hence, while high their hearts are beating,
Hear her sons their boast repeating,
 That her glory is their own.

Therefore springs from deeper sources,
Therefore flows in freer courses,
 The rich flood of German song:
Dull restraint of rules o'erleaping,
In its native fulness sweeping,
 On the heart's warm tide along.

Of the little volume of translations, from which the above is taken, Mr. Joseph O'Connor, himself a poet, whose fine taste and delicate wit made him a rare critic, said: "Ah, Dr. Kendrick, these are Irish Echoes of the German poets." The Irish echo, according to tradition, gives back a sweeter tone and a deeper meaning than the sound which it repeats.

Another scholarly friend, Dr. Emil Kuichling, has said that he has compared Dr. Kendrick's translations with the originals, and considers them, in some instances at least, superior to the poems translated.

Dr. Kendrick made several translations of the "Dies Iræ," in different metres. The one that he preferred is included in the first volume of his "Our Poetical Favorites." The "Echoes" contains a translation by Mrs. Anne Hopkins Kendrick, from the German of Jacobi, entitled "The Mother."

The points to be considered in judging of the merit of a poetic translation are, whether it shows a mastery of foreign idiom, whether it illustrates an artistic theory of poetic paraphrase, and whether it exhibits the poet's gift of making musical verse. Dr. Kendrick's theory of poetic translation was that the translation must illustrate the finest qualities of the original, in meaning, melody, and strength. Accurate interpretation was of the first importance; after that was secured, a freedom of expression, in harmony with English idiom, was not only admissible, but was of high value in producing a just rendering of a poem which, in its own language, was natural and melodious. He said, "Unless a translator can make a poem out of a poem, he would do well to let translation of poetry alone." He succeeds in giving to the reader the melody of Schiller, Heine, Uhland, and Béranger, and also the vigor of Goethe and Koerner. The result of poetic translation should be that the author of the original discovers no perversion of his meaning, and the English reader comes on no perversions of his language. Dr. Kendrick, if he had chosen to appropriate time from other work to the translating of the ancient or modern classics—Homer, Virgil, or Dante—would have produced translations which might have been, in some respects, superior to any that are now the standards.

To speak of Dr. Kendrick as a lover of poetry is like saying that he was himself. An hour's con-

versation with one so conversant with the best of poetry, from Moses to Tennyson, was like a draught from the Fount of Castaly. In his boyhood the literary world was charmed by Scott, delighted by Macaulay, and absolutely dazzled by Byron. When the second canto of "Childe Harold" appeared it was like a blazing comet in the sky of poetry. It can easily be understood that, in a mind naturally attuned to any chords that brought the Greece of the imagination into the range of knowledge, Byron's musical descriptions of the isles of Greece, and of Greece herself, would create a more than literary enthusiasm. Dr. Kendrick was so in love with Greece from boyhood that his adoption of her language and literature as his chief line of study seemed more an instinct than a definite choice. Dr. Kuichling has aptly said that "Greek was his vernacular." Dr. Kendrick used to say that "whatever nobleness, richness, and beauty other languages possessed, they either owed to the Greek, or, in these respects, were surpassed by, the Greek. To leave out of a course of study that was intended to have any object above the lowest type of utility the study of the Greek language was education with Education left out. Such a plan of study deprived the intellect of its highest exercise, the mind of its most valuable source of expansion and enjoyment." In spite of Byron's limitations and defects, which he fully recognized, Dr. Kendrick maintained that he was the great descriptive poet of his period. He

writes from Greece that the poet's descriptions of the local color and sentiment in Greece were marvelously true.

Those who heard Dr. Kendrick recite, in his mellow tones, with his expressive eyes kindling as he went on,

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung"—

or that exquisite passage:

"Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild,
Sweet are thy groves and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The free-born wanderer of thy mountain air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair."—

those who have heard this and poems of Browning, Tennyson, Milton, and passages from Shakespeare interpreted by Dr. Kendrick's sympathetic voice, have gained a lasting impression of something much deeper than the beauty of even the most beautiful of their literary legacies. They have realized the place in the progress of human thought and life of the "lofty rhyme," and have dismissed forever the theory that genius is only a "capacity for work."

It is a memory among the "boys" that sometimes, in the unprepared hours "of the morning after," a plot would be formed to turn the teacher

into the reciter. On the appearance of the professor in the class-room the cry would go up, "Poetry, Browning, Byron!" and sometimes, in later years, when the importunities of "kai gar" seemed a little less importunate than formerly, Kai Gar would yield. Perhaps it would be—

"The landmark of the double tide
That purpling rolled on either side,
As if its waters chafed to meet,
But paused and crouched beneath her feet."

Or perhaps "from Browning some pomegranate," or perhaps, assuming an easy attitude, he would give an extract from one of

"The tragic triad of immortal Fames,"

Sophocles, Æschylus, or from Euripides,

"That strangest, saddest, sweetest song of his, Alcestis."

After the professor had finished, his own face aglow with his enjoyment of the language, the melody, and the meaning of "the perfect piece,

Its beauty, and the way it makes you weep—
Then, because Greeks are Greeks and hearts are hearts,
And poetry is power (and boys are boys), they all outbroke
In a great joyous laughter, with much love."

Did the boys know less of Greek than if they had heard again that day from their own stammering tongues some particulars about the "Cloud-compeller Jove," or even information recently acquired of the "stag-eyed Queen of Heaven"? Dr. Kendrick was never "fooled" by the boys. He under-

stood them, and they came to know that he did.

At a recent meeting between two of Dr. Kendrick's former students the conversation became reminiscent of college days. Said one of them: "Never shall I forget the first time I saw Dr. Kendrick. We sat, a row of unlicked cubs, scared and green, when his tall form, with his head bending forward a little, and his eyes twinkling, appeared. No soul-harrowing examination from him then. He sat down, looked us over, and began, in the most melodious voice I ever heard, to recite the first lines of the Lotus-eaters:

'Courage,' he said, and pointed toward the land,
'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'

He knew how to encourage us. We adored him. Every one of us revered him. To hear him recite poetry was paradise. I used to follow him, just to see how he walked." This was boyish love, but it is still alive.

Some members of the interesting company known as the Browning Club, of Rochester, may recall his last appearance in that circle. He was not in the Interpreter's chair that day, although he was always the last appeal on a difficult passage. On that occasion he was requested, in connection with a classical suggestion in one of Browning's poems, to give a certain quotation from Æschylus. Leaning back in the comfortable chair provided for him by Miss Sara E. Fisher, the thoughtful daughter of

the hostess, he recited a long passage from the Greek dramatist. His more than eighty years had not impaired his memory, nor his mastery of every fine point of thought or expression. Unexpected tears welled up into the eyes of all. Not that his aspect gave any hint of sadness. But it was inevitable that his time with them was short; and all present knew that, however distinguished the interpreters had been and would be, they never would look upon his like again. As he gave this beautiful recitation, though the language was strange, the mellow tones, the changing expression, the swelling and falling of the cadences, the evident delight of the speaker in the power and sweetness of the passage—these spoke so clearly that there was no feeling of strangeness. A new idea of the possible influence of the Greek dramatists over, not the individual Greek, but the whole people, was born in the listener, and whoever heard could understand how Balaustion saved herself and the whole Athenian company by reciting Euripides at Syracuse.

“Our Euripides, the human,
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common,
Till they rose to touch the spheres.”

A good many years ago, Dr. James Monroe Taylor, now resigned from a twenty-six-years' successful Presidency of Vassar College, and Dr. Merrill Edwards Gates, a well-known educator who has held offices of great responsibility, were in London

at the same time, but neither was aware of the presence in the city of the other. Both had been pupils of Dr. Kendrick in the University of Rochester. Dr. Gates visited the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's, and, in response to the guide's suggestion to whisper and get an answer, he quoted: "The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece." To his astonishment, his whisper came back, "Where burning Sappho loved and sung. Hello! who's over there that knows Kai Gar?" With delight the two friends met, and that reminiscence of Kai Gar mingled with jolly good-fellowship, may be inferred from this amusing incident.

When Dr. Kendrick was on a visit abroad, a facetious woman, attempting to quiz him about America, made a remark about the Falls of Niagara, "It was greatly overestimated, no doubt."

"Madam," said Dr. Kendrick, soberly, "Noah's flood would not have had any appreciable effect on it."

Although Dr. Kendrick was most truly at home in the best poetic society, all poetry was his province. The English classics he knew as well as he knew a Greek conjugation. Scott, Tennyson, the Brownings, and our American poets—he knew and loved them all. A new poem by Holmes or Lowell or Longfellow was an event of importance in his family. I well remember how, curled up in his lap, I first heard "The Children's Hour," and I can still see

“ Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair,”

descending our stairs, as they did that day to my imagination. The humbler poets, too, received his attention, and often his warm commendation. He quaintly said of himself that he was a “ wide liker.” His taste was like his spirit—catholic, free from pedantry or prejudice, open to every kindly influence, quick to discern merit, and never happier than in encouraging youthful talent. Many years ago he made an Anthology of English and American poetry. Its final form was in three volumes—the first a collection of the best of the familiar shorter poems, the second of longer poems, the third a miscellaneous collection of poems, many of which were to be found in permanent form nowhere else. Under the title “ Our Poetical Favorites ” it had a wide popularity. Later anthologies crowded it out of the market, but impartial judges have said that there has not been another as satisfactory.

The following lines were published in an English newspaper (either the Times or Punch), after the Russo-Austro-Franco-English Congress of Constantinople during the Russo-Turkish war :

Rideamus igitur,
Socii Congressus ;
Post dolores bellicosos,
Post labores bumptosos,
Fit mirandus messus.

Ubi sunt qui apud nos
 Causas litigare,
 Moldo-Wallachae frementes,
 Graeculae esurientes?
 Heu! absquatulare!

Ubi sunt provinciae
 Quas est laus pacasse?
 Totae, totae, sunt partitae
 Has tulerunt Muscovitae,
 Illas Count Andrassy.

Et quid est quod Angliae
 Dedit hic Congressus?
 Jus pro aliis pugnandi,
 Mortuum vivificandi—
 Splendidi successus!

Vult Joannes decipi,
 Et bamboozleatur;
 Io Beacche!* Qua majestas!
 Ostreae reportans testas,
 Domum gloriatur!

Translation of the foregoing by Asahel Clark Kendrick:

Members of our Congress proud,
 Who the world would fix up—
 Laugh, for after war-like troubles,
 After labor's broils and bubbles—
 Lo, the wondrous mix-up!

Where are they that at our bar
 Have their rights debated?
 Moldo-Wallachs, grumbling, growling,
 Starveling Greeks, for empire howling—
 All absquatulated!

* Beaconsfield.

Where the states whose storms allayed
Swell our boastings gassy?
All their different lords have followed;
Some the Muscovite has swallowed,
Others Count Andrassy.

And what boon from this high court
Brings our island murky?
Right to spill our blood and treasure,
Right to quicken at our leisure
The dead bones of Turkey.

Juggled Johnny loves to be,
Hugs the juggling boaster:
Io Beacche! * Laud with singing!
Home the oyster-shell he's bringing—
Leaves behind the oyster!

* Beaconsfield.

CHAPTER SIXTH

THE SCHOLAR

I know of nothing better than the Truth.

—ASAHEL CLARK KENDRICK.

DR. KENDRICK'S name was singularly suggestive of his tastes and pursuits. The name Asahel means, "A Creature of God." Clark, as is well known, is the old word Clerk, from which come all our clerical words. Kendrick is from *Kennen*, to know, and *ric*, rich—rich in knowledge. With a trio of names so suggestive of the high calling of the Christian Scholar, it seems peculiarly fitting that in that noble vocation Dr. Kendrick should have found naturally his chosen life-work.

As has been said, and shown by the references to his early studies, the Greek language and its literature was Dr. Kendrick's first linguistic and scholarly love. When hardly more than a boy he taught Latin in the Academy at Hamilton, N. Y.; and its allied languages—French, Italian, and Spanish—he knew almost without study. Teachers of Italian, outside of the Universities, were rather rare in America in the '50's and '60's, and he was sometimes appealed to by students of that language for assistance. A peculiarly difficult passage was

brought to him for translation. Later, a native Italian Professor saw the passage as translated by Dr. Kendrick, and remarked: "This is the work of a scholar." In his classical and his Biblical work he constantly employed German editions, and his library was largely composed of them. Sanscrit, Hebrew, and Arabic he began to study while very young. Sanscrit and Hebrew he taught at different times. An interesting and suggestive comparison between the Hebrew and the Greek for practical use is given on another page.

His work as a scholar was so varied that only a large volume would fully indicate its range and depth. Much of it, too, is intended for specialists, and would be out of place in this book. But, in the hope of giving an approximately fair impression of its value, I shall make quotations, slightly classified, from some representative articles. The first, from an address on Classical Education, refers to the practical value of the study, not of Greek and Latin only, but of the still older languages of which these are, if not the offspring, at least the younger sisters.

He says: "Who can fail to see in the Greek and the Latin, the Hebrew and the Sanscrit, the German, the French, the Italian, and the English—in the very structure, mechanism, and complexion of their tongues, the salient features of the national mind and character? But beyond this, languages are the formal depositories of the records of a nation's life



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—alike its outward life and its inner. All other memorials of its achievements sink to nothing beside those embraced in its literature. The record of all human history, of all progress and revolutions in thought, of all political and social changes, of all moral and religious ideas, stands embodied in the written documents of the race. The student of humanity must be conversant with the literature of humanity. I spoke a moment ago of a 'buried past.' I recall the expression. There is no buried past. The past re-lives in the present; the present roots itself vitally in the past. Bengel's celebrated Biblical aphorism but concentrates at a single point a principle admitting a much wider application: 'Novum Testamentum in veteri latet; Vetus Testamentum in Novo patet.' We trace our modern institutions back to the Middle Ages; we study the mediæval in the light of those of Greece and Rome; we follow these in rudimental form to still remoter ages. Who can comprehend our system of jurisprudence, of the civil and canon law, our forms of theological doctrine, our philosophical thinking and terminology, without following them back step by step, through the written documents of many centuries and many languages? The seeds of all our philosophy and most of our science, the germinal principles of nearly all our culture, lie scattered over the wide domain of the past. And the different lines of knowledge interlace each other, so that to start upon one line of investigation inevitably forces

us upon another, and still another, till we find ourselves sedulously exhuming entire antiquity. Nor will the mind of man allow itself to be shut out from these vast realms of knowledge. Is the career so splendidly begun to be at once arrested? Are we to be lulled into an ignominious indifference by the contemptible sophism that education should deal with the practical, rather than the speculative, with fact rather than theory, with the present rather than the past? May we not state just the reverse of this as the real province of education? For the speculative will generate the practical; theory will explain and reproduce fact; and the past, as it has poured its life into, so it will clear up the problems of the present. It is preposterous, then, to treat the ancient and modern tongues as mutually antagonistic or independent. They will not be dissociated. Abandon the ancient, the study of the modern would soon cease altogether, except for purposes, from an educational point of view, contemptibly superficial. Every attempt at a generous and scientific acquaintance with them will drive the student back upon the ancient tongues as their natural parents and expounders.

“I scarcely need to add that for theological studies there can be no manner of question; their irremovable basis is classical study. The history of Christianity has settled the matter; the providence of God has removed it from the pale of discussion. So long as the documents of his faith stand written

in Greek or Hebrew, so long will he [the Christian scholar or preacher] who remains a stranger to them pluck out the right eye of his knowledge, and cut off the right arm of his power. What pitiable imbecility, what moral poltroonery, for scholars to abandon their high vantage-ground and consent to take at second-hand the records of their faith! I am not maintaining that every individual preacher should be proficient in the ancient tongues, or even in the original of the Scriptures. But I speak of the drift of theological studies, and of the spirit which should pervade our organized education."

On the general topic of "Linguistic Science," he says: "Most splendidly has classical study redeemed itself from the charge of mere verbal barrenness, which has sometimes too justly been made against it, a charge that has found its support in the niceties of the Porsonian school and the verse-making requisitions of the English Universities. Every form of learning has been brought to bear on the interpretation of the text, and the text, thus interpreted, has been made in return to lend its aid to practical research, and its scattered lights made to converge on the manifold questions of legislation, history, commerce, art, science, philosophy, and religion. . . . And when the light from India broke upon Europe at the opening of our century [the nineteenth] the classical scholarship of the Continent gave hearty welcome to the new revelations. There have been no greater wonders of our time

than the achievements of linguistic science. It has read, and edited, and translated, and interpreted the sacred books of India and Persia. It has investigated their languages with a skill and patience which have enabled it to follow Persian and Indian, Greek and Italian, German, Slav, and Celt, back to their primitive Bactrian home, and has gone far toward the work of constructing a Grammar and a Lexicon of a language of which we have neither the name, nor the alphabet, nor one line of any immediate record, but which we may know with moral certainty was spoken in substance when Indian, Goth, and Greek slumbered in the loins of a common ancestor."

Following naturally these passages on Linguistic Science, comes a short extract from a review of Max Müller's "Lectures on the Science of Language." After referring to the including of Language in the list of Sciences, of which he approves, Dr. Kendrick says:

"But there are two classes of Sciences: the one lying within the sphere of the human will, as art, politics, religion, which may be called moral, or historical; the other natural or physical, dealing with the unchangeable types and phenomena of nature. Professor Müller puts language into the latter of these categories." At this point Dr. Kendrick takes slight issue with Professor Müller, doubting "whether he does not exaggerate the difference between the physical and the so-called historical Sci-

ences. A wide difference undoubtedly there is in their subject-matter and in their mode of development; but assuredly not in the certainty and fixedness of their principles. Religion, politics, and art are as unchangeable in their principles, as completely independent of the arbitrary will of man, as are Geology or Botany; and it is only in the narrowest and most superficial sense that 'an Emperor may change the laws of society, the forms of religion, or the rules of art.' The principles of law, religion, and the arts are as much beyond an Emperor's power to change as are the principles of language, and a rule in art he can no more alter than a rule in grammar. We question if language does not lie nearly as much within the sphere of the historical as of the natural sciences. Its origin is scarcely more a necessary product of man's peculiar organization than religion, or government, or art. These all spring from the original and irrepressible tendencies of our nature. The laws which control the growth and decay of an art are nearly as mysterious, and as much beyond man's individual or even collective will as those which determine the growth and decay of a language. What conscious will ever presided over, or could have prescribed, the course of Grecian or of Roman art? Who could have legislated Greece into the architectural and sculptured glories of the age of Pericles? We doubt if any single person ever exercised a greater influence over the developments of art than individ-

ual great minds have over the progress of language. Chaucer, Dante, Pascal, Lessing, wrought scarcely less effects upon the language of their respective countries than upon their literatures. In the modern Greek and in the German, the power of a deliberate collective purpose to reform the abuses and modify the development of a language has been unequivocally asserted."

Dr. Kendrick then passes on to consider the two great laws which control the changes in language—phonetic decay and dialectical regeneration. He says: "Language is at first in all its parts distinctly significant; the force of root and termination is in every word clearly perceived and felt. But there is a constant tendency in speech to wear away one or both of these elements, and so to blend their fragments that the force of the separate constituents is wholly lost sight of, and the word makes, as a whole, its collective and merely conventional impression, quite independently of the meaning of its original component parts. . . . When a Frenchman says, 'J'insisterai fortement,' he is giving the transformed substitute for what was once, 'Ego insistere habeo forti mente.' But while all inflexional languages are thus experiencing the power of phonetic decay, they are acted on by another principle not less powerful, viz.: that of dialectical regeneration. Human language has a constant tendency to throw out new forms and develop itself in new dialects. It is a common idea that language

begins poor, barren, restricted, and gradually enriches itself, until it grows into the fulness and power of a cultivated tongue. Precisely the reverse is the fact. In these dialects, so often regarded with contempt by the pedant of literature as the mere corruptions of his cultivated speech, lies the real vitality and restorative power of language. This everlasting undergrowth poured forth from the fertile soil of language, makes good the losses from decay in the noble forest of speech. Unobserved and despised, perhaps, and overlaid by the dominant literary tongue, those dialects still live, infusing into it a sort of secret life, and destined, by and by, when some great political convulsion shall have broken down and swept it away, to emerge into the consistency and dignity of national tongues. Thus the Italian and its kindred Romance languages were not the product of the Latin undergoing a violent death and in its death-throes giving a mysterious birth to these, its offspring. They sprang from the various modified dialects of Italy, which lived alongside of the Latin, and they did not need to wait for its death before they were in possession of a vigorous infantile life. . . . Just as a powerful nationality will fuse down all the diverse and heterogeneous elements of population into one prevailing type, so will a dominant language mould to its own form whatever foreign material may come within its sphere. Our English language, though more than half of its words are

of foreign stock, is yet by its grammar unmistakably Teutonic. Its naturalized residents have to bear the German yoke, and the lordly Roman and the elegant Greek, as they enter its pale, have to assume the costume of the Barbarian, whom the one knew not, and the other knew but to despise."

"For many reasons this [comparative Philology] is a science born within our own day. The Greek philosophers were profoundly impressed with the wonderful nature and functions of language, but they examined it almost entirely in the interests of Metaphysics and Logic. The distinctions of Aristotle were chiefly logical distinctions, although, in their deep truth, they readily adjusted themselves to a grammatical nomenclature. But the Greeks, despising every people but themselves, and affixing to them the common stigma of Barbarians, despised equally every other language. When Aristotle engaged his royal pupil to send him such specimens of natural history as came within the wide range of his conquests, he seems not to have thought of asking for collections of words which should illustrate the speech and the ethnical affinities of the remote nations of the East. How curious the workings of that philosophic pride which could condescend to monkeys, but could not condescend to man! What a god-send to Leibnitz would have been the friendship, united with the conquering career, of an Alexander! But if pride goes before destruction morally, it does so no less intellectually.

“ Nothing is so hostile to the genius of true science as the spirit of contempt. Of this incurious and arrogant temper even the sagacious Greek paid the inevitable penalty in the narrowness of his conceptions, and in his want alike of the disposition and the ability to reach those profounder views of language which can spring only from a wide induction and comparison of facts. Could the Greek have forgotten the word ‘ Barbarian ’ he would have found, in the numberless forms of social life around him, problems of the profoundest interest. . . . The Alexandrian critics, in settling the text of Homer, had occasion to investigate more carefully some points of grammatical usage, and to enlarge grammatical terminology. The first regular Greek grammar, however, was constructed for the Roman students of Greek. . . . Sir William Jones, who died in 1794, was the first to discover the extent of the relationship of the Sanscrit to the Greek. By the process of comparative philological research it was discovered that Sanscrit was not the parent, but a sister, of the Greek and Latin—perhaps an elder sister; that the Latin was not the daughter, but the sister, and indeed an elder sister, of the Greek, being, though later in its literary development, yet more archaic in its forms than its literary rival. No philologist, Sir William Jones declared, could examine the Sanscrit and the Greek without the conviction that they were sprung from a common source, as well as perhaps the Gothic and the Celtic.

The discovery took the learned world by surprise. That among the dark-faced semi-barbarians beyond the Indus there was a language vying in richness and delicacy with the refined and elegant Greek, and fraught with ample literary treasures, overturned almost every cherished notion. Frederic Schlegel saw the far-reaching principle of relationship that now united the Indian and Western languages, and with the intuition of genius riveted them together by the comprehensive name of Indo-Germanic tongues."

Dr. Kendrick then summarizes the work of Schlegel, the Von Humboldts, and other scholars, whose penetrating researches in this fascinating field of learning has enriched—or, indeed, made possible—the exact and classified knowledge of subsequent investigators. He then enters into a discussion of the "genealogical classification of languages, based on verbal and grammatical affinities," and, "armed with a doctrine of roots," he reaches an ultimate analysis, "by virtue of which we are prepared to unite all languages under a common law of classification, and are prepared to see what light our science sheds on the question of the common or diverse origin of human speech." Into that discussion this outline of his thought will not enter.

In connection with Dr. Kendrick's general utterances on the Sanscrit and the Hebrew, the following selection from a series of "Letters to a Pastor" is pertinent:

“ Many [preachers] no doubt relinquish the study of the Greek, under the impression that they cannot become independent critics in the language without bestowing upon it an amount of time which they can ill spare, and they choose, therefore, to trust to the decision of commentators who have given to this language the study of a life. There is much merit in this judgment. The Greek language certainly can be mastered only by an almost life-long study, and he must have either a very thorough training, or an extraordinary philological tact, who can venture to speak authoritatively on a point of Greek criticism. . . . The main value of reading the Scriptures in the original lies not in the untying of hard knots—the settlement of those more difficult passages which have divided the suffrages of the learned—but in the fresh impressions derived from the reading of what is not disputed; in the gathering of those slight and delicate shades of thought which, though they do not radically modify the idea, yet modify it in appearance and effect; in the clear discernment of the thread of the argument or narrative; and finally in the deep satisfaction of listening to the Word of God in the very accents which fell from the lips of Inspiration.

“ Were the question to regard the desirableness of taking up anew the Greek language by one already in the ministry, I should answer in the negative, unless his capacity for learning be extraordinary and his impulses such as to triumph over all

obstacles. Its copiousness, variety, delicacy, make the mastery of it impossible, except at the expense of long and persistent study. But it is otherwise with the Hebrew. Here is no profoundly subtle and complicated organism, tasking to the utmost one's nicest perceptions of the philosophy of language. All is simple, bold, prominent. Majestic in its barrenness, almost wholly destitute of any philosophical syntax, its main principles are quickly mastered, its strange Oriental air soon becomes familiar, and the student will have the satisfaction of easily following the Hebrew historians, bards, and prophets in their own language. . . . I am not intending to understate the difficulties of the Hebrew. They are by no means inconsiderable. But they do not approach those which stand in the way of a complete mastery of the Greek."

Although he never was a pastor himself, his "Letters to a Pastor" are full of most valuable advice. A brief article on "Studying the Scriptures" is so important and so interesting that a quotation may be introduced here.

"First, you must study the Scriptures as a whole. All the parts are variously interlinked and blended with each other. In order to be familiar with any part, you must be familiar with every part. And, again, each separate book or portion of the Scriptures is to be regarded as a subordinate whole. Study them, then, as a whole, and bring, so far as possible, the accumulated force of all the context,

of the general scope and spirit of the book, to bear upon the understanding of the separate parts. There is a sort of moral momentum acquired by the reading of the context, which will often bear you readily over difficulties that would not have yielded to the most intense labor applied directly and exclusively to the difficulty itself. Few passages stand so entirely isolated but that they will gradually render up their significance to him who makes his approaches slowly and through the context. You may undermine and sap a passage which you cannot storm. You may finally determine what a passage does mean, by patiently working around it and determining what it ought to mean. Nor are any errors of interpretation more abundant, perhaps, than those which spring from the neglect of this principle. The Sacred books are treated as if they were a collection of proverbs, or independent sayings, instead of what they almost invariably are—a closely compacted tissue of narrative or discussion.”

There is a small and, it must be believed, steadily diminishing class of critics that are disposed to sneer at the languages as a branch of serious study, except for the theologian or the classical teacher. Indeed they are, in extreme cases, inclined to relegate the classical teacher to an extinct class and would not mourn to see him join the dodo in a hopeless oblivion. One division of this class decries the languages because they are so easy; the other because

they are so useless. The first objector says that the only faculty needed for the learning of a language is memory, and that memory is the least noble of all the faculties. The other objector declares that the ancient languages are useless to the modern, and, except a little French for use on the Continent, and a little German on the 'Street,' the modern tongues are equally so. With regard to the suggestion that the mastery, or the partial mastery, of a language that is foreign to the learner—that has not been a part of childhood's free and familiar use, to which his organs are not adjusted and his ear attuned, is an easy matter—the making of such a suggestion indicates a superficial view that scarcely deserves notice. The fact is, that to master a language, to whose sound and use one was not born, involves intellectual exercise of a high order. Few students who dip into the foam of language ever obtain a conception of the depths beneath.

The suggestion that the study of language is a useless expenditure of time will be amply met by Dr. Kendrick's remarks on that point. In a noble defence of the classics, delivered before an Educational Convention, he said:

“My own conviction is unweakened of the high value of linguistic and classical study, and of not merely the desirableness, but the absolute necessity of retaining for it its time-honored place in our system of education. All working in language is working in thought; all analysis of words is analysis

of ideas; every verbal discrimination is a discrimination in the spiritual essence which it embodies. To be thoroughly educated, therefore, in language, is to have a culture that penetrates to the very interior, and has taken up and moulded the vital elements of the soul. The process to be perfect must be reciprocal. We must go not only from language to thought, but we must work back from thought to language. Set them over against each other in their marvelous relationship and you are dealing with and solving the fundamental problem of education. Particularly healthful and far-reaching is the discipline of learning a foreign language. Memory, judgment, imagination, nice tact, and discrimination, all are brought into constant and rapidly alternating exercise, and are effecting a harmonious development of all the faculties of the soul.

“Language is an art; in its highest forms of literature the finest of the fine arts. Deeper than this, the life of a nation lies imbedded in its literature, and deeper still, language has a character as an organism which reflects, in a thousand indescribable points, the character of the people that gave it birth. To understand the present we must know the past; to know the past we must be conversant with the literatures of Humanity; and to all this vast range of study, the Greek and Latin languages stand in a central relation. Homer and Sophocles, Pindar and Aristophanes, Plato and Demosthenes are but the natural and necessary products of the

genius that enshrined itself in the Greek tongue. That tongue is a creation more marvelous, more indicative of the matchless endowments of the Greek mind, than temple or statue, or than its sublimest productions in eloquence or poetry. They who are sceptical about the extraordinary excellence of the Greek literature, should set themselves to solve the deeper problem of the Greek language. We should not be surprised to find the man who had constructed a musical instrument of unmatched power and delicacy afterwards drawing out of it some corresponding harmony. The wonder would be that he did not. The Greek, light as the breeze of summer, yet solid as one of its own temples; with infinite complexity and infinite simplicity; more graceful than the French, more vital than the German, softer than the Italian, and more masculine—almost—than the English—the Greek has not had, in all earth's utterances, its peer or rival."

Any plea for the study of the classics from the point of view of their beauty or their richness is, Dr. Kendrick admits, "but incidental and subordinate. My main point in favor of unrelaxed and high classical study is that it is the natural basis and support of all liberal studies and of all high education. Language is the immediate gateway to the philosophy of mind."

After the delivery of the address from which the foregoing extracts were made, the presiding officer of the Convention, Dr. Heman Lincoln Wayland,

distinguished as an educator and an editor, called on the Professor of Latin in Brown University, Dr. J. L. Lincoln, to address the Convention. Among other graceful remarks, Dr. Lincoln said: "I was about to rise to express my hearty thanks, sir, for this most earnest and eloquent plea for classical culture, to which we have listened from Dr. Kendrick. As we listened to these sentences which echoed that language he has loved so long, and so well illustrated, we must have felt that it was with a singular fitness and grace that this plea for classical culture and classical education should have come from one who has been so long versed in ancient letters, and who is fitted as few men are, to make a defence of classical studies, if any defence of them needs to be made, on account of his own life-long, most admirable, and most fruitful services in the cause of classical education. It has been my great delight to listen. I felt as Dr. Wayland called upon me so suddenly, that I could rise and say only in those words that have come down to us over the water, uttered by some one who followed Edmund Burke on the hustings, 'I say ditto to Edmund Burke.' For I most heartily respond to every eloquent word uttered in our hearing. I was glad to hear him say that we must preserve these languages in our institutions, and I thought, sir, as he uttered these sentences that nothing more fully demonstrated the value of ancient languages and literatures as worthy of universal study than the

many efforts that have been made to kill them without success."

The next speaker was Dr. George R. Bliss, of Crozier Theological Seminary, at Chester, Penn. He said, in part:

"As I have listened to the tones of this voice, my memory has led me far back, over a period of thirty-four years. It occurred to me to say that these studies are perhaps generally regarded as an unfruitful portion of our system of education. For myself, looking back over it as candidly as possible, it seems to me that there was no portion of the course, that there was no line of study, more abundantly fruitful in promoting general culture and in the promotion of whatever capacity God has blessed me with than those particular studies which were conducted by Dr. Kendrick."

The Chair of Belles-Lettres in the University of Rochester has been filled by men of exceptional ability. Dr. John Howard Raymond, admired in every position he filled, and adored by the students of Vassar College, over whose youth he presided and which he brought to a high degree of success, was the first to occupy that Professorship. His successor was a man of somewhat similar gifts, poetic, witty, and gracious, Dr. Sewall S. Cutting. In closing the Convention Dr. Cutting said: "A few days ago the New York Tribune, in announcing the successor of Dr. Robinson in the Rochester Theological Seminary, made the mistake of introducing

the name of Dr. Kendrick. But it did not make any mistake when it referred to him as 'poet, divine, and philosopher.' "

These eloquent tributes to the influence of the study of foreign languages as a basis of education and a means of culture do not mention the intellectual pleasure derived from the process of learning a foreign language. To grasp the exact meaning of an idiom unfamiliar in one's own language, to recognize its full office in its natural relations and its bearing upon one's own and other tongues, has a quality of mental exhilaration akin to that of

"some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken."

The only valid argument against the study of the languages, ancient or modern, lies in the danger arising from their varied forms of fascination. The student who brings to the page of an unfamiliar tongue appreciative intelligence and enthusiastic sympathy will find "accents" to be enchanting and relative clauses to have a subtle charm of their own. Indeed, the pleasure of acquisition is so great that the devotee may forget that language is but the gateway to the temple in which he must seek the inner shrines of scholarship.

A review of Stuart's *Œdipus Tyrannus*, published, both the edition and the review, in 1838, has a two-fold interest. It marks the status of classical critical work in our country at that period, and it

illustrates Dr. Kendrick's advanced position in the same field. He says: "We greet with pleasure the appearance of the present edition of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, not only as adding to our present stock of materials for Greek study, but as auguring favorably for the interests of classic learning in that section of country in which Mr. Stuart belongs [South Carolina]. He could not have selected a more satisfactory work with which to make his *début* to the public, nor one which would give him a stronger claim to the gratitude of those who desire to become familiar with the productions of Grecian taste and genius. The writings of Sophocles, fragrant with the richness of the Grecian mind, have, as specimens of uniform and finished excellence, borne away the palm from those of his rivals in the Grecian drama. His works are modeled on the true principles of Attic taste. Among them the *Œdipus Tyrannus* stands conspicuous, for the interest of the plot, the skilful and yet simple manner in which it is unfolded, and the completeness of its execution.

"In regard to the general character of this edition we are happy to see that our author has taken a more elevated position than that usually assumed by classical editors in this country. It may be said, indeed, that our editions have been suited to the wants of the country. This we doubt. Undoubtedly the character of our editions should be accommodated to the state of classic learning among us.

Critical editions—those chiefly occupied in settling the text—it is not probably desirable for us to undertake. We have not the facilities for this. We have not the manuscripts to examine and collate. Neither is it necessary. We may indulge the fullest confidence that not a particle, or an accent, which may aid in restoring the text, or illustrating the meaning of a classic authority will escape the sagacity and diligence of German investigation.

“We are far from decrying this species of labor. Truth of thought can be reached only through truth of language; and all intelligent communion with an author must be founded upon an uncorrupt text. The performance of this labor, too, often involves the highest principles of criticism, and may give ample scope even to German enthusiasm.

“Nor should our scholars and editors be negligent upon this point. The materials of criticism, furnished by foreign scholars, should be diligently employed; the proper critical canons applied; and our judgments exercised in estimating the correctness of the results at which they have arrived.

“Yet exegesis should be our stronghold. In illustration, in examination, and in investigating the general principles of language, we see no reason why we should be behind the scholars of Germany and England.”

Not only the literary legacy of Socrates and Plato, but the profound problem of their personality and philosophy is the natural object of the

classical scholar's study. So much has been written on this point, and so far-reaching and, sometimes, technical, are Dr. Kendrick's articles on Plato and Platonism, that only brief quotations illustrating his general trend of opinion, rather than attempting to reproduce, with any completeness, his philosophical discussions, will be made here.

From a long, analytic article on "Plato," the following paragraph is taken, because of its description of the Platonic manner:

"And while Plato is scarcely less epic than the great master of the Epos, he is even more dramatic than the great masters of the drama. He adopted the form of dialogue primarily, no doubt, as springing directly from his conception of the true philosophic spirit and method. But whatever its primary origin, Plato could not but be drawn to it by the scope which it gave for his unrivaled dramatic powers. Plato's dialogues seem mere sections cut out from the actual discourse of living men, and these men Greeks, with Greek acuteness, wit, vivacity, intelligence. The subject of discourse is introduced in that easy, circuitous, seemingly unconscious manner in which a company of intelligent persons glide imperceptibly into a discussion, the predetermined theme being made to hang on some accidental remark, or spring from some casual association. As in actual life, too, the conversation plunges into the very midst of the subject, and is then gradually forced back by the exigencies of the

argument to the preliminary topics, so that the first in the logical order is liable to appear last in the discussion. The dialogue drifts, lingers, winds along in an easy current; it turns aside at the beck of any incidental thought; it gives to the driest abstractions coloring and warmth from the living personality of the speakers; and, finally, it terminates just as the discourse of a company of intelligent persons terminates, who have had a free and animated discussion, sifted to the bottom individual points, raised and canvassed objections, ascertained, perhaps, where the truth did not lie, and then separated without professing to have reached a formal and satisfactory result."

The following extract is from an exhaustive article on "Platonism and Christianity." The immediate occasion of this article is a work by Dr. C. Ackerman, of the University of Jena. Dr. Ackerman's article is entitled, "The Christian Element in Plato."

Dr. Kendrick says: "There is perhaps no problem which has more perplexed the world, none of which more various solutions have been offered, than the religious spirit of Plato—the depth of conviction and the loftiness of religious sentiment which pervade the writings of the Sage of the Academy. Scattered here and there through the ethical treatises of Aristotle are sentiments which pierce far below the surface and seem almost to touch the lowest depths of man's moral nature; but they are

uttered with the same unimpassioned tone with which he propounds a doctrine in physics, and with little seeming consciousness of their far-reaching extent and transcendent importance. It is the philosopher who is working out a system, not the man who is expounding and enforcing truths that have penetrated the inmost sanctuary of his nature and control his practical convictions. It is otherwise with Plato. We feel that the truths which he is so variously reiterating and unfolding to our apprehension are truths which not merely engage his speculations, but are to him of momentous practical interest, and inculcated for a high practical purpose. Thus, amidst the mercurial, sensuous, lively, speculative Greeks, Plato appears as a man of intensely religious spirit, who lives in an habitual contemplation of the verities of the invisible world. Whence this extraordinary phenomenon? How are we to account for this deep moral earnestness and spirituality displayed in the midst of a people, who, splendid as were their intellectual endowments, and exquisite as was their æsthetic sensibility, seem not generally to have had a very keen moral sense, or to have been imbued with especial religiousness of spirit?" Dr. Kendrick reviews at length different theories of Plato's unique personality. His conclusion is: "Curious as is the problem of Platonism, there is no other so easy and natural solution of it as that which refers it to the individuality of Plato himself, acted on by the various elements which

entered into the speculations of his countrymen. Heracleitus, Parmenides, Pythagoras, and Socrates, with all the varied elements of which they stand as centres and exponents, are ample to prepare for and explain all the leading features of Platonism. Plato is, in fact, one of the most completely natural and legitimate products of the earnest and manifold strivings of the Greek philosophy. He had but to absorb them into his capacious and enthusiastic nature, and reproduce them, harmonized and remoulded by the plastic dialect which had been developed under the training of Socrates, to give us precisely the philosophico-religious idealism which is at once so marvelous and so attractive. To give the special coincidences of sentiment between Plato and the Sacred writers would be a task almost without end." To this task Dr. Kendrick applied himself in a minute analysis of the Platonic philosophy and of the Platonic religion. Into this most interesting discussion this book cannot enter. One paragraph at the close of the article must suffice.

"If then we are told [by Dr. Ackerman] that as the characteristic feature of Christianity is saving *power*, so that of Plato is saving *purpose*, and if we thus seem to bring them into near affinity, we must not allow ourselves to be imposed upon by words. If we find that the moral status of humanity is one thing, according to Plato, and another thing according to the Scripture; if the God of the Scripture is one Being, and the god of Plato

another; if sin is one thing with Plato and another in the New Testament; if Plato has no glimpse of the Scripture doctrine of Redemption, an Incarnate and yet Divine Redeemer, an atoning death, an imputed righteousness and a quickening Spirit; and if, finally, the redemption of the New Testament is actual, and that of Plato is only ideal, then we are afraid that the term Christian, as applied to Plato, has, after all, but small significance, and is much more liable to mislead than to instruct.

“We must dwell a moment on the last point suggested in this comparison. The redemption sought by Platonism was only ideal; it was never actualized. The system was impotent even to realize its own inadequate conception of redemption. It struggled and struggled; it expatiated with glowing eloquence on the beauty of virtue, but it left its votary just where it found him. Its sympathies are bounded by the narrow limits of the Hellenic race, and all beyond, the whole world of barbarians, it is ready to give up to the tender mercies of war and slavery. And even in its own ideal community it looks with resignation upon the permanent degradation of the many, recognizing only the philosophic few as coming fairly within the scope of its beneficent action.”

Although the studies to which Dr. Kendrick gave his intellectual life were the Humanities, he was in no technical sense a Humanist. Mediæval scholasticism, the verbal quibbling of the Renaissance, even

the "niceties of the Porsonian school," were not possible to his broad spirit. Exactness is the first requirement of scholarship; but it was his forte, not his foible. He had no "dative-case" repentance, and although he

"Properly based 'οὐν,'

Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic 'δε,'"

it was with the illuminating accuracy of the scholar, not the didactic precision of the Grammarian. His popular nickname, "Kai Gar," indicates that he let no superficial youth slip between the parts of a Greek ellipsis, if he could help it; but, if taken too seriously, this might give a quite wrong impression of his method, which was as broad and liberal as the casing air. He deprecates the artificial methods of teaching language, in vogue during much of his life as a teacher, and his own were in direct opposition to them. He made the speech and literature of a language the introduction to its grammar. He says, "The minute criticism of words, the nice adjustment of particles, must ally itself with a broad and generous study of things."

I have before me a little book, which, aside from its method, in its very conception illustrates Dr. Kendrick's advanced ideas with reference to classical study. It is "The Child's Book in Greek," published in 1847. "Why," says the author, in his preface, "should not the study of the noblest of all languages be begun at an age which will enable the pupil to attain such a mastery over it as will

lend to the perusal of its authors the highest pleasure and profit?" In an article in which he analyzes the conditions of scholarship in this country, he says: "We can expect little of the ripeness of foreign scholarship until a great change is wrought in our modes of education. We believe that childhood is the best period for becoming familiar with the elements of language; that the germs of that culture may then be implanted which shall ripen into a rich harvest; that materials may then be gathered which shall afterwards be employed in the cultivation of the taste, and the discipline of the sterner powers of reason and judgment."

No scheme of study for a child could be more rational than this. The acquisition of a foreign language is easier in childhood than later. And what child would not take delight in the old Greek stories and epigrams! Why not add to the folklore of the Germans, the Saxons, and the Irish, to the fables of the Latin and the French, the far more human and polished stories from the Greek! The idea that a man would cross the street to avoid the doctor, because he had not been ill in a long time, would strike a child at once as natural and would arouse interest in the literature in which such amusing and natural sentiments were to be found. What a melancholy fate is that of the babe who is never tossed in arms to the fascinating chorus: "Brek-a-co-ex, co-ex, co-ex, O happy, happy frogs!" Youthful intelligence is sharpened

by learning some of the pithy sayings of which the Greek writers are full: "An army of stags with a lion at its head is better than an army of lions with a stag at its head": "'Mong the philosophers we count the cooks": "Count no man happy until he is dead." It is interesting to come, in the dramatic original, on such an exchange of courtesies as between Demosthenes and Phocion, when the latter, although a military leader, accepted the rule of Philip of Macedon. "Some day," said Phocion to Demosthenes, "the Athenians will kill you in a fit of madness." "They will kill you," answered Demosthenes, "in a fit of sobriety." These and others train a child's mind to a fine perception of the force of language, and impart a pleasing conception of the character of the Greek mind. The play of thought and speech that sparkles through the Greek writers charms and quickens the intelligence, but its chief educative value lies in the reality imparted to the masters of long ago, and in the light thrown on the national life. Not long ago a young girl heard the sentence read aloud in which Phaedo explains the absence of Plato from the death-bed of Socrates. "Plato, I believe, was sick."

"Plato sick?" laughed the listener. "I thought Plato was a marble bust on a bookcase." A familiarity with the personalities, as well as the names, of the intellectual heroes of the past, develops a child's mind and embellishes its maturer knowledge with a fine polish.

The "Child's Book in Greek" was followed by text-books for older students, all of which elicited the praise of teachers of Greek. Dr. Kendrick edited an edition of the Anabasis, of which it was said that his notes were the best ever made on that often edited work. He edited other grammars, and had plans for further editions of the most important Greek classics.

He was almost a Grecian in temperament—versatile, keen, poetic, scholarly. But at heart, he was a Christian scholar. As a part of his early work he revised and edited Olshausen's Commentary on the New Testament, and in his later years he went as his final work into New Testament exegesis. The Greek pagans delighted his intellect, the Christian believers satisfied his spiritual nature. Upon the wonderful letters of the lawyer-apostle he loved to dwell. In their eloquent defence of the faith he found intense satisfaction, and in their close, and often involved reasoning, he had ample scope for the best exercise of his penetrating intelligence. Difficult passages, whose misinterpretation or mistranslation obscured the truth, were bugle-calls to him. He was a keen—he thought, in later years, sometimes a too caustic—opponent in polemical writing; but he never entered into controversy merely to make a point. Error was hateful to him. From the Book of Genesis to the Book of the Revelation he applied his sane, candid mind to learning the Truth. The parables he interpreted in the broad

reasonableness of the spirit, instead of the narrowness of the letter. Paul's Epistles, especially to the Romans and the Corinthians, he explored with the poet's delight in their rhetoric, the scholar's enjoyment of their depth, and the Christian's sympathy with their spiritual content. The Epistle to the Hebrews was a favorite with him, as a subject for study. He made a complete translation, and published a Commentary on it. In his Introduction, he says: "The Epistle to the Hebrews, addressed to a body of believing Jews—whether a single church or an aggregation of churches—seeks to hold them back from a threatened apostasy to Judaism by exhibiting the transcendent superiority of the New Covenant to the symbolical and transitory system to which they were returning. Indeed, selecting from the world's entire literature two among its most remarkable productions, we should readily designate, I think, the Epistles to the Romans and the Hebrews. To the former must be accorded the superiority in breadth, comprehensiveness, and power; it glows throughout with the fiery energy of the great Christian Demosthenes. The latter, apparently narrower in scope, makes up in depth what it lacks in breadth; in calm majesty what it lacks in vehemence, and pursues its even and tranquil course with an earnestness and intensity of purpose which are in striking contrast to the smoothness of its style."

The Millennium of the Apocalypse he interpreted

in several interesting articles. The late Dr. William N. Clark, widely known as an exegetical writer, says, in a personal letter:

“ May I take the liberty of offering you the expression of my gratitude for your clear and beautiful exposition of the passage relating to the Millennium? The strong and fine point in it is, as it seems to me, the study of the book, by which you show the place and relations of the passage. It is a great pleasure to meet a piece of interpretation in which the clear statement of the case is so nearly a proof of the position that is taken.”

All the profound and vital topics that have engaged the reverent attention of the Christian church Dr. Kendrick approached with the modesty of the scholar and the confidence of the Believer. The tender subtleties of the Apostle John afforded a congenial field for study to a nature whose sweetness, simplicity, and depth were similar to those qualities in the beloved disciple himself. If his exegetical work were summed up in two words it would be best described by the words penetration and power.

Many letters might be quoted from teachers, preachers, exegetical scholars in various colleges, and former pupils expressing similar sentiments to those of Dr. Clark. A single paragraph from a letter written by a former pupil and always a friend, the late Professor Elias H. Johnson, is typical of many such testimonials. After asking

for an exegetical article on 1st Corinthians, 15: 20-29, Professor Johnson writes: "The wider the scope of your inquiry the better, and the more of such work permitted by your health and leisure, the more gratifying to the wide circle of those who are accustomed to be taught whenever you consent to speak. It must be as delightful as it is rare to look back on a career devoted to Christian learning, and to feel assured that you are attended by a regard for yourself as affectionate and respectful as the fame of our unique Biblical scholar is wide and enduring.

"It is a kind of impertinence to say so much; but your warm-hearted way of receiving your old pupils makes us presumptuous, yet only as dutiful children may venture now and then to tell an honored father how they hold him in love and reverence."

In 1871 he was selected as one of the American Committee of Revisers of the New Testament, a company appointed to collaborate with the English Revisers. In the room in the Bible House, in Astor Place, were gathered the representatives of the best Biblical scholarship in this country, an assembly well fitted to compare in learning with the company at work in the Jerusalem Chamber, and possessing, perhaps, even a broader spirit of interpretation. Each scholar had his speciality—one as a grammarian, another as an exegete, another as a general philologist. The wide range of Dr. Kendrick's

studies gave him an especial place among the specialists, and it was due to this fact, in a measure, that he deserved the remark made by Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, an important member of the Committee, to Dr. Augustus H. Strong, at that time the President of the Rochester Theological Seminary, that probably Dr. Kendrick's opinion was the decisive one oftener than that of any other member of the Committee. This remark was made and is repeated in no depreciation of the learning and scholarship of the other members of the Committee. But it was justified by Dr. Kendrick's unusual breadth, as well as depth of research, and by the fact that, while most of these Revisers were theologians, he was as conversant with the classics as with the literature of the New Testament.

He regretted the rejection by the English Committee of readings which he believed to be improvements not only justified, but demanded, by the text. The final form, with the American suggestions which had not been accepted by the English Company, obscurely placed at the end, was far from satisfactory to him. He believed, however, that, imperfect as was the Revision, much light had been thrown on the Scriptures, and that the Revised Version was, as Lowell said of Longfellow's Dante, "if not the best possible, the best probable," for many years, at least. He did not live to see the Revision with the American Notes incorporated in the main text.

Dr. Kendrick, in common with the other members of the Revision Committees, received a number of handsomely bound copies of the entire work, for presentation to his family and friends. He presented a set to President Martin B. Anderson, and a paragraph from the letter of acceptance is given below. Dr. Anderson says: "I value it especially for what it contains of the labor and exegetical scholarship which for years you have devoted to the work, and also for its association with the name and reputation of one whom, for nearly thirty years, I have honored as a colleague and loved as a friend."

In several long articles on the general subject of Revision, and on this particular revision, Dr. Kendrick makes very interesting statements. There was much criticism of the Revision when it first appeared. Much of this criticism was the expression of ignorance, much that had some basis of knowledge was indiscriminating, and some that was to a degree scholarly was to a still greater degree unfair. He says: "The criticisms were made very freely, both in England and this country, and were of the most various character, generally candid, sometimes severe, and, on the whole, fairly favorable." He refers to two marked exceptions, as in the "violent onslaught of a certain English Dean," and "the somewhat magisterial judgment of a Scotch Professor." He sums up the purposes and work of the Revisers, and says: "What finally shall

be the precise outcome of this grand international recasting of our English Scriptures it is perhaps impossible to forecast. It has its defects; but defects cleave to all things human; and we feel assured that time and use will make increasingly apparent its transcendent excellencies. At all events, a work that for more than ten years has tasked the conscientious labors of some of the best scholarship of the age in connection with the Book of God cannot prove in vain. Its beneficent iconoclasm has forever broken the spell of unreasoning idolatry that rested on a single version of the Bible, without abating in one jot or tittle the reverence for the Sacred Word itself; and if it fail to prove the ultimately accepted form of Scripture for English-speaking Christendom, it will at least have made a contribution of inestimable importance toward that which shall be so."

Dr. Kendrick wrote many exegetical articles in which he commented on the readings finally accepted by both the English and American Committees. Some of these readings he defended, others he deprecated.* An exposition of 2nd Timothy, iii: 16, is interesting to all thoughtful students of the Bible, even though they may not be Greek scholars. A brief quotation from it follows.

The title of the article is "The rendering of *"Γραφή."* The Common Version reads, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profita-

* "Moral Conflict of Humanity,"—a collection of exegetical articles.

ble, etc." The Revised Version reads: "Every Scripture inspired of God, is also profitable, etc." Dr. Kendrick admits that there is considerable scholarship in favor of the Revised reading; but gives conclusive evidence, in his opinion, in favor of the Common Version. He says: "The difference is very considerable, and, on the whole, this seems to me a case in which Revision has not revised wisely; in which it has given a meaning to the passage in no way required by its grammatical construction; in which it has given to the leading noun (*γραφῆ*) a meaning contrary to the otherwise absolutely exceptionless usage of the New Testament, and which restricts it to the narrower statement of the disciplinary value of whatever may be an inspired utterance of God, instead of leaving it on that commanding eminence on which it stands as the aged apostle's final and formal testimony to the divine authority of that collective body of Old Testament Scriptures in whose faith the apostle lived, and which was to be the church's heritage for all time."

On the general subject of Bible Revision he gives definite opinions. Without attempting to enter into the pages of illustrations from the Scriptures in which he proves beyond discussion that a Revision is desirable, one paragraph is quoted to give an idea of his views. He says: "The thing which we confess we most fear is ultra-conservatism and caution; too deep a dread of disturbing and marring the

venerated form of our time-honored version. We trust that on this point the revisers will remember that their first duty is not fidelity to the authorized version, but to the Word of God, and to the multitudes that come to it as to the bread of life; that, important as it may be not rudely to disturb sacred associations that cluster around certain words and idioms of the sacred oracles, it is vastly more important that, so far as faithful translation can do it, the meaning of these oracles be made clear to the popular apprehension, and that the words in which the Spirit of God addresses himself to them should come with no uncertain sound to their ears and hearts."

Many more quotations might be made from his articles in Reviews and addresses before Associations of Scholars illustrative of his many-sided intellectual interests, his love of pure scholarship, and his reverence for the Truth. To a flippant critic of the Revised Version, who asked him, in substance, why this passage was altered, or that phrase was changed, with the remark, "I really do not see any importance in these verbal and trifling modifications"—to this style of criticism, Dr. Kendrick never made a formal reply, but to this particular critic he made the pregnant comment that is the motto of this chapter: "Mr. —, I know of nothing better than the Truth."

His facile pen was used on all great public questions—slavery, Protection and Free Trade, Classic

excavations, reviews of important books, in German, French, Italian, or English. His insight was as keen and his thought as clear when he was discussing a political question as his work was thorough when he was digging for a Greek root. There was not a dry or purely didactic note in his presentation of any subject. There is a divine afflatus of the thinker as well as of the poet. He says, "There is no buried past," and his students discovered that there are no dead languages. One of his pupils and friends, who was well fitted to appreciate his teacher's gifts, Dr. Rossiter Johnson, of New York City, in a long letter, expressing his regret that he could not attend the Commencement exercises in 1893, gives some interesting reminiscences of college days, and says: "I never could look at a page of Greek without thinking of the tangle of dry twigs on a winter day; and I never could hear Dr. Kendrick read it, without being reminded how that tree would blossom in the spring."

As Pygmalion breathed into the Greek marble the spirit of life, so Dr. Kendrick breathed into the Greek language his vivifying personality. Even the conjugations responded to his genial smile with a pleasant assurance that they were not so bad, after all. And as for the melody of Homer, the profound beauty, though often painful fatalism of the tragedians, the philosophy of the philosophers—who in his class-room could call Greek a dead language!

A very interesting letter from Dr. William

Arnold Stevens, written when he came to Rochester University in 1862, to his father, gives a vivid description of the impression made upon a mind of rare fineness and depth by Dr. Kendrick's class-work. Dr. Stevens, as is well known, became himself a distinguished exegetical scholar in the interpretation of the New Testament. He writes:

"Dr. Kendrick is said to have no practical side, but one does not have to be in his recitation room very long to discover that he is a wonderfully acute and accurate thinker, and a comprehensive scholar. Some of the boys say he has studied eighteen languages; how that may be I don't know, for with all his learning, Dr. Kendrick is the last one to make a display of his acquirements. I have mentioned particularly his accuracy and thoroughness. On some days the whole hour has been employed in discussions of Greek philosophy, but remarks on it in general, and on that of Plato in particular, have been woven in with recitations all along. . . .

"Dr. Kendrick seems to be perfectly familiar with all the details both of the grammar and literature of Greek, as well as the history and distinctive characteristics of its philosophy. He does not attempt to give elegant renderings, so much as to give the exact force of the original. He is fond of adhering, in a great degree, to the original order and structure of sentences. . . . I think he was made for a Greek scholar; he has wit and acuteness enough for an ancient Athenian. Indeed, he seems

to place himself on a Grecian platform, and to look at their literature from it. . . . He said the other day, about Plato, that it is remarkable how little the English mind appreciates him . . . referred to Davies' translation, in Bohn's Library, as having errors on almost every page. He accounted for the fact that such a piece of botch-work passed muster in England by the explanation that Plato had hitherto been greatly undervalued there."

Mr. Joseph O'Connor writes: "His instruction was no cut-and-dried lesson got up for the classroom; it was the easy natural overflow of superabundant interest and knowledge."

A pleasant incident is related by Judge Charles F. Maclean, the distinguished jurist and versatile scholar of the New York Bar. He says that when the late Professor James Hadley was told that Professor Kendrick had commended his Greek grammar, he remarked: "If Dr. Kendrick has praised my work it has received praise indeed."

It is difficult to lay aside Dr. Kendrick's addresses and review articles without further quotations. But the object of this little book is to suggest *himself* in the varied lines of his intellectual pursuits rather than to attempt a reproduction of his work with any degree of completeness. The large collection of manuscripts that he left could not, in justice to himself, be put into print without the editing of that hand of his which "seemed like brain."

Of his more purely personal traits it is scarcely possible for a daughter to speak with moderation. There was not a dull moment in his society. To know that he was in the house was to have a sense of social enjoyment. Although an easy talker, he was not a talkative person, but his silences were never morose; on the contrary, he was always ready to engage in the current conversation. He had the peculiar magnetism that accompanies a quick and genial intellect. No lecture or reception or tea was half as entertaining as an evening with him before an open fire. Friends were ever welcome. Poetry and quips were always flying about. A caller asked him to come to pay her a visit, before she left town.

"I should be delighted to do so. I think I will, but I don't believe I shall," he said, whimsically referring to his habit of procrastination in matters of that kind. He disliked to hold himself down to fixed plans, and he once said of himself that he had "drifted" all his life. To a degree that was true. Constitutionally, he was disposed to postpone decisions. But he never wavered from a line of action definitely chosen. Socially his charm was very great. He never led conversation into the channels with which he was most familiar, but, following with easy courtesy the leading of others, he became unconsciously "facile princeps." "Where McGregor sits, there is the head of the table." A discerning friend once said of him: "He finds every one interesting. He does not know that it is himself

who is interesting, and that he brings out the best in others." It may almost be said that he radiated sympathy, and knowledge, and wit. When his presence was withdrawn, a wide circle lost a wise, genial, and inspiring friend. It was said of him that he was even better known abroad than in his own city. In a sense that was true. A scholar is a citizen of the world. But one of Rochester's pastors, of a different denomination from his own, said to a visitor: "Dr. Kendrick is too great to be a man." This was doubtless said in regard to his catholic spirit and his intellectual ability to look at all subjects from an all-embracing view-point. As a preacher he was clear in statement, logical in method, and searching in application. He did not think that he was "called" to preach. He had the thought, the vocabulary, and the learning of the preacher; but his temperament was too sensitive to find in a general audience his best inspiration. He was inevitably somewhat academic, rather than impassioned, and scholarly, rather than popular.

I have before me a sermon on which is inscribed on the fly-leaf the following note: "This discourse, though not prepared for publication, bears the impress of its accomplished author. A stranger providentially present at its delivery, at Saratoga Springs, and who felt himself deeply benefited by its precious truths, obtained, through a common friend, the entire control of the manuscript. It is therefore published with the simple assent of the author, and

with the sincere wish that it may prove to many a weary pilgrim a draught from the fountain of life."

The sermon referred to is on the words "We walk by Faith," in 2d Cor. v:7. A single paragraph illustrates the position of the writer. He says, in closing: "How truly wise and exalted is the life of faith! A life proceeding on principles eminently harmonizing with the highest law of our nature; founded on the strongest evidence that can form a basis of rational belief, looking to objects infinitely grand and glorious, and involving no sacrifices worthy of a moment's consideration in comparison with the destinies of which it assures us. How sublime the principle which draws down the future into the sphere of the present; the spiritual into the region of the sensible, and thus becomes at once the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen!"

In argument Dr. Kendrick was so hospitable of mind and gentle in manner that the unwary might suppose him to be an easy prey. When principles rather than opinions were involved, the "amiable Doctor" proved himself the "irrefragable Doctor," and, beneath the ebb and flow of courteous concession, the surprised opponent found a solid foundation of bed-rock conviction.

It has been said that the genuine scholar thinks chiefly of advance, and pays but indifferent attention to recording progress already made—that his

passion is less to preserve than to discover. However that may be, an indifference to perpetuating his own work in permanent form, *as his own*, was a marked trait in Dr. Kendrick. He was an indefatigable worker, but he left nothing like a complete collection of his articles of a miscellaneous nature, or on especial topics in line with his life-long work. He was sometimes reproached with burying his learning in the work of others, in the form of notes, revisions, etc. He was averse to details in the way of reports—he was a trial, in that respect, to the registrar of the University—and the collecting of his own productions, as long as he was strong enough to do new work, could not hold his interest. Beside his individual authorship and research work, he has stimulated in many minds the love of learning, and has illustrated, as well as asserted, the value of those underestimated branches of study—the Humanities. He has used the riches of linguistic resources in the pagan classics in order to unseal the mysteries of the Christian classics. He has done this in the hope that, not only would the intelligent understanding of the Scriptures be increased, but that an enlarged apprehension of the word of revelation would be transmuted into Christian faith and hope.

A list of his published text-books and Commentaries is found in every cyclopædia, so I have not given space to detailed mention of them. But “The Life and Letters of Mrs. Emily C. Judson,”

written and edited by him, by request, should have especial notice. It was an innovation in religious biography. There was no more distinguished figure in the world than the missionary Judson, but he stood apart, almost too sacred to be talked about with a smile. Those who knew the poetic and humorous side of his versatile nature did not feel so. "Foreign Missionary" was a very solemn phrase. His third wife, Miss Emily Chubbuck, had been a brilliant writer of magazine stories and of moral tales for the young. Dr. Judson and Miss Chubbuck made a remarkable and most fascinating study to a man who possessed in himself many of the finest qualities of each. The Life and Letters sprang a sensation upon the religious world. Here was a biography of two missionaries as fascinating as a romance, and as spiritual as a sermon. Friends, clergyman and others, wrote to him: "I sat up all night to read about Emily and the Doctor." "I read through tears, changing to smiles." To have portrayed these two interesting personalities in the dry, lifeless manner common in that day to religious biography would have been as unjust to the subjects of the volume as it was impossible to the author.

It would seem perhaps even more difficult to make a commentary really interesting, except to a preacher. But a lady friend, herself a scholar and writer, wrote to him of his Commentary on the Hebrews: "I read your 'Hebrews' through at a sit-

ting." And Dr. William Arnold Stevens, of Rochester Theological Seminary, said: "There is not another commentary like it. Dr. Kendrick unfolds a subject until he has penetrated to and laid bare its very heart." Another critic said that its literary charm was only equalled by its intellectual richness and its spiritual insight.

Between 1809 and 1895 the life of an American was not of the sort that makes for scholarship. Energy found ample outlet in other and absolutely necessary work. The shrines of the scholastic divinities would hardly be expected to be found or founded on Plymouth Rock, and the Sibylline leaves could with difficulty have blown over to a cave in the Green Mountains. Monasteries, cloisters, old Universities, ancient Libraries, are the places where scholars are supposed to be made.

On the contrary, the freedom from the vise-like grip of tradition, the independence and originality of thought demanded by new and wonderful conditions, are powerful factors in the expansion of the mind. Thought grows in many places, and roots itself most firmly, like all other living things, in virgin soil. And, in the final summing-up, the scholar is born not made. "The Bird flies to its Own." Many noble examples of pure scholarship have been born and reared in America, and our universities may, if they will be true to the best traditions of the past, become authoritative centres of learning, giving—as they are beginning to do—as

well as receiving scholarly aid and inspiration. The rise of the scientific specialist, in the branches of physical research, has threatened to drive the advocate of classical learning into a most unfortunate obscurity. Such a result would ultimately vitiate all channels of acquisition, substituting guesswork for exactness, and hypothesis for truth. If it be thought that the ancient tongues are too old for Young America, that they are unpractical, that they tend to make a man unhuman, a pedant or a mystic, let him who thinks these mistaken thoughts learn, even from this record, that the mind stored with truth obtained at the sources of all knowledge is better equipped to deal with every phase of modern investigation, and without such knowledge can intelligently grasp the deepest facts of none.

Dr. Kendrick was not a scientist in the usual sense of the word; but his classical knowledge vivified all science to him. Though not, technically, a theologian or a metaphysician, his researches in the domain of the ancient languages and literatures made him an authority in both of these profound departments of thought. To him, however, as to every lover of the Revealed Word of God, the noblest verdict that can be pronounced upon his favorite land and its wonderful language is this: "Greece arose from the dead with the New Testament in her arms."

"Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica Veritas."

"Ἄνθρωπος, ὡς ἡμεῖς φαίμεν ἂν, . . . ἀριστος καὶ ἄλλως φρονιμώτατος καὶ δικαίωτατος."
The Phædo—PLATO.





1/2
3/4

